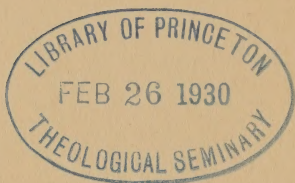


BEACON LIGHTS  
OF FAITH

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C.F. Wimberly



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Beacon lights of faith







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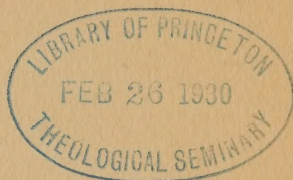


# Beacon Lights of Faith

By

C. F. WIMBERLY, D.D.

*Author of "New Clothes for the Old Man," "The  
Cry in the Night," "Behold the Morning!"  
"Is the Devil a Myth?" etc., etc.*



Introduction by

DR. M. E. LAZENBY

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Advocate"*



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been my pleasure to know—clean, noble,  
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*And to the most consecrated group of Women—  
true, loyal, enthusiastic, self-sacrificing—*

THE SUSANNAH WESLEY BIBLE CLASS,

*both of Bethel Sunday School, Methodist Epis-  
copal Church, South, Charleston, S. C.,*

*this Volume is  
Lovingly Dedicated  
by the  
AUTHOR.*



## INTRODUCTION

**F**EW things are more pleasurable, and hardly anything more profitable, than the study of high-class biography. When interest in one's work lags, and when inspiration for one's duties is lacking, these can be immediately supplied by a few hours study of the lives of some of history's great men and women.

In the book now before you may be found a group of biographical sketches of the highest type. To begin with, the author of these studies, Dr. C. F. Wimberly, is a Christian scholar. Fitted by education, by temperament, and by the results of long hours of research, he has given to the world a volume of rare value. Dr. Wimberly's literary style is most fascinating, his scholarship accurate, and his interest in his work almost without bound. He has written many books and has been a contributor to the religious press of America for many years, but we dare say that nothing he has written will have a more permanent place in the Christian literature of this century than his *Beacon Lights of Faith*. The fact that Dr. Wimberly's name is listed in *Who's Who in America* and also in *Who's Who Among North American Authors*, is proof of his outstanding ability as a contributor to American literature.

Aside from the fact that Dr. Wimberly is so splendidly equipped for the work he has taken in hand, he has chosen wisely in the selection of subjects for these sketches. The men and the women represented in this volume have made a profound impression upon religious history. The stories of their lives and ministry are told in a most vivid way. Interesting from beginning to end, they hold the attention of the reader throughout. And these sketches are more than interesting; they are accurate. The author has delved

into multiplied thousands of pages of history, and has gathered facts which it would take months and months for the ordinary reader to gather. In this handy volume the essential facts of an whole library of religious biography covering several hundred years may be found. Here may be found a fairly comprehensive history of the lives of the great men and women involved. And these stories taken consecutively give a fair account of the struggles and the victories of Protestant Christianity.

The writer has read with genuine interest every one of the sketches appearing in this valuable book, and unhesitatingly says that they deserve a place in every library. We hope and believe the book will have a very wide reading.

M. E. LAZENBY.

*Birmingham, Ala.*



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

**T**HIS is an age of religious indifference; churches and the Gospel of Jesus Christ beckon to us from every strategic centre in the land, but in the programs and thinking of the great multitudes in general, and in a large part of the actual membership in particular, there is a disregard that is appalling. The Gospel has given us our boasted civilization, and the whole land is enjoying peace and protection, which could not have obtained, but for the message of the Church. How little we appreciate in these days of easy formalism the tremendous price that has been paid for the glorious heritage we now enjoy! For seventeen centuries, with but few exceptions, every leading torch-bearer of divine truth, paid for doing that service for us, the price of life's blood in cruel martyrdom.

With the impact of such a forgotten truth in our mind, we have undertaken to set forth, in brief panoramic array, the story of religious heroism—beginning with the Apostolic Church, and closing with some leading defenders of the faith in the nineteenth century. We have the Church today, because men and women who believed the Bible and the salvation it taught, dared to endure peril, persecution, poverty, suffering and death.

We wonder if any of our modern conceited scholastics, who are presuming to teach our precious Book while placing question marks on the inspiration and authenticity, would go to the stake, or suffer themselves pulled to pieces limb by limb, thrown into boiling oil, their tongues pulled from their mouths, or pierced with red-hot irons? We wonder if any one of them would be willing to wear a martyr's crown defending the many question marks they place on the Word of God, touching the Incarnation of our Lord, His miracles,

or bodily resurrection? Nay, verily. It is quite easy to give out such superior discoveries when surrounded by an intellectual aristocracy, soft birth, and fat salary; but the Beacon Lights of Faith were made of sterner stuff; with them the truths of God were experimentally real; they were not groping blindly in the dark. Their experiences coincided with the truths of revelation. Their faith was not anchored in the *gnosco*, but in the *epignosco*: they knew that they knew.

In this volume, we have undertaken to dwell on the high spots of nearly two thousand years of Church history, and our devotion to the memory of such heroism, and humble love for the faith their supreme sacrifice has brought us—is the apology we offer to the public, for the venture of this book.

C. F. W.

*Charleston, S. C.*

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## I

### THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH

(*Patres Ecclesiastici*)

LIVING as we are, in these days of popularized Christianity, and with beautiful places of worship beckoning us from every corner, we forget the meaning and sacrificial value of our heritage. We live in the lowlands of faith and experience; the call of Christian fidelity is ranked with the commonplace and secondary interests of life. In this volume we propose to offer a brief perspective of that period when, to become a Christian, was unpopular above all other positions of society.

As we view the Early Church through the vista of the centuries, it is like a mountain range in the distance—majestic, but indistinct; but at intervals there would appear towering peaks, snow-capped and sun-crowned, reaching above the storms. In his Apocalyptic message John told exactly what awaited her. “Ye shall have tribulations for ten days, but be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.” The “ten days” meant ten periods of persecution (ten aeons) beginning with the Apostolic days, and closing with the conversion of Constantine in the year A. D. 313. There were exactly ten terrible persecutions visited upon the Church, inaugurated by pagan Rome, for the purpose of utterly destroying from the earth the religion of Jesus Christ. They were systematically planned and carried out with the utmost zeal, supported by Rome’s imperial power.

We wish to introduce to our readers the stalwart men who, during these trying centuries, with learning and piety, held on to the faith, and defended it unto death. Whole

families and entire congregations were often fed to the lions in the Colosseum at Rome for one day's entertainment; but martyrdom was a coveted honour, and the faithful went to the stake, the arena, and other places of torture, with shouts of victory.

Just as the wisdom and scholarship of Paul guided the Early Church into channels of adjustment, so those stalwart spirits came on the scene in Apostolic succession, even to the extent that many believed them to have been inspired. The Fathers of the Church are divided into three groups: the Apostolic Fathers, the ante-Nicene Fathers, and the post-Nicene Fathers, beginning contemporaneously with the Apostles, and reaching on through the sixth or seventh centuries. Some writers list them to a much later period. The only division we can find is that between the ante-Nicene and the post-Nicene. In the year A. D. 325, Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, called a Council to meet in the city of Nice, where many of the great doctrines were finally settled, among others, the so-called Apostolic Creed, familiar to all Christendom.

In this survey we shall devote no time to the post-Nicene Fathers, as a great part of their writings and leadership were invested for the settlement of rights, powers, and prerogatives of Church dignitaries. It was during this age of religious polemics that bitter controversies arose over the primacy of the Bishop of Rome (the beginning of the Papacy), causing the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches. The power of Rome grew until Hildebrand (Gregory VII), in the eleventh century, gave to the world the Pope of Rome as we now have him. All this, aside from its historical value, is of little interest to Protestant Christianity. We are concerned only with the chief characters, whose fidelity to the truth, as taught by Christ and His Apostles, saved that truth and transmitted it to coming generations—"The faith once delivered unto the saints."

There are about seventy-five names listed by historians as Church Fathers, and there is one striking characteristic

touching the things they stood for and over so long a period, and in such an age; especially was this type of the Apostolic and ante-Nicene Fathers. We must bear in mind that these men belonged to all the civilized nationalities—Egypt, North Africa, Greece, Palestine, Asia Minor, Gaul, and Spain. Notwithstanding those diversified countries and peoples, there was an almost perfect unanimity in the things they stood for; there was little corruption of life or doctrine for the first three hundred years among the leaders. Heresies arose continually; this was true not only in the days of Paul, but at every crisis, some character would appear to steer the Ship of Zion over the rough seas.

We shall begin this symposium of Church Fathers with Barnabas, a companion of Paul, frequently mentioned in the New Testament. He is honoured in the *Book of Acts* as being "a good man, full of faith, and the Holy Ghost." Again: "And Joses, who by the apostles was surnamed Barnabas, a Levite, and of the country of Cyprus, having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet." He founded, it is believed, the Church at Antioch, and wrote a treatise of twenty-one chapters, proving to the Jews the Messiahship of Jesus. It was not scholarly, but its strength lay in its appeal for holy living. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews, about A. D. 75.

The next was Clement, one of the first Bishops of Rome; he is mentioned in the New Testament, and his writings are preserved in both Greek and Latin. There have been seventeen Popes named after Clement, and he is listed by the Roman Church as the first successor of Peter. His Epistle to the Corinthians is believed to be genuine, and he is known as "Clement of Rome." He was drowned by order of the Emperor Trajan, A. D. 102.

Hermas, or *Pastor Hermas*, is mentioned in Paul's Letter to the Romans. Aside from those who believe in the papal dogma of Peter, the best authorities believe him to have been the first settled pastor of Rome. He wrote a work entitled *The Shepherd*, which many of the later Fathers

believed to be inspired. This book is called the *Pilgrim's Progress* of the Early Church. He has been confused with another Hermas who lived in the middle of the second century; whether he was martyred or not, we do not know.

Among the early Fathers, no one impressed the first centuries so much as Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch. He became the pastor of this flock about A. D. 70, and was a disciple of St. John. He was given the surname of Theophoros—meaning: “one who carries God in the heart,” or, as he himself said—“carries Christ.” During his ministry the Domitian and Trajan persecutions swept the Church. He was called before the Emperor, who questioned him concerning his faith, and when he finished, called him a “poor devil” for being so unworldly as to go without a murmur to his death for his people. Trajan ordered him sent to Rome and had him fed to the lions for the entertainment of the populace. His execution took place A. D. 107, some say 116. The martyrdom of Ignatius was commemorated annually by the Church of Rome. His writings have been preserved in many versions, the most noted being the little work called the “Didache,” which has been quoted by Chrysostom and others. The original manuscript was read in the various churches, as were the letters of Paul; but able critics claim that the present form contains many interpolations; but above all else, the author places emphasis on the deity of Jesus Christ.

We shall next notice the most illustrious of all the early Fathers—Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. His testimony is regarded as valuable above even his co-labourers, as he is the connecting link between the Apostolic age and that which is authentic history one hundred years later. Polycarp was a disciple and companion of St. John, and ordained by the venerable Apostle. The date and place of his birth are unknown, but his youth was spent in Smyrna, and was, no doubt, the “angel of the church at Smyrna,” mentioned in the Book of Revelation. By him the Church has gotten the most direct and authentic records of Christ and His



Apostles, outside of the New Testament. We have extant a letter written to a Roman heretic, and commented upon by Eusebius, who gives an interesting account of Polycarp, how he looked, and what he said of the Apostle John and others who knew the Lord, and had witnessed His miracles. Polycarp was martyred during the reign of Marcus Aurelius about A. D. 166. Every effort was made to save the life of the venerable bishop, but he would not recant, and was burned at the stake.

Papias, another mighty man of God, was Bishop of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, and associated with Polycarp. It is not definitely known whether he got his religious training from John, or from those who did. He speaks of the "living voice" of some who are "still serving." Papias was an extensive writer, and fragments of his writings are extant, and of great value, as they throw much light on the New Testament, as to when and how such records were made. He was martyred at Pergamus, A. D. 163. It is not certain as to whether he was the "angel of the church at Pergamus" or not, but as it was the place of his execution, many think he was. One of the most prominent features in the writings of Papias, was the ardent faith which the writer had in the Second Coming of Christ, and His millennial reign upon the earth.

We shall now notice a few of the groups known in history as the ante-Nicene Fathers, beginning with Justin Martyr, a contemporary of Polycarp and Papias, born in Neapolis, Palestine, A. D. 89, and who became a great influence by his writings, after he had passed middle life. He was the son of a pagan, and educated in his father's faith. He drifted from his heathen religion in the study of Stoic philosophy, and, finally, became a student of Plato. In A. D. 118, he met a Christian whose life and bearing greatly interested him, and was told that he might receive something far more comforting than philosophy. He began to read the Old Testament, and then the New, which resulted in his conversion. Justin Martyr became one of the greatest defend-

ers of the Christian faith in his century; wrote extensively to Greeks, Romans, and Jews. He was martyred in A. D. 165, because he refused to burn incense to a heathen deity.

Irenaeus, called by some "the Light of the Western Church," was born in Asia, but journeyed West and became Bishop of Lyons, following the martyrdom of the one who was the see of the Greco-Gaulish Church, in Southern France. He was martyred by order of Septimius Severus, in the beginning of the third century.

We now come to Tertullian, whom John Wesley described as being the most eminent Christian leader of his century. He was the son of a Roman centurion at Carthage, and his young manhood was given over to the licentious practices of the heathen aristocracy. We know nothing of his conversion, but he became a mighty champion of the Christian faith. Corruption and heresies were gaining headway in many places, and the Roman clergy, content with lower standards, persecuted Tertullian until he embraced the tenets of Montanism, and in this faith he lived until his death. But his deep spiritual insight, his profound scholarship, and wide experience, gave him leadership far above his fellows. He was an ardent champion of what, today, would be called the Holiness Movement; but his saneness and mental poise saved him from any phase of fanaticism. His writings wielded a powerful influence in the Church for many centuries, second only to that of Augustine; indeed, the germ of Augustine theology is to be found in the writings of Tertullian. He was believed to have been martyred, but of the positive fact we know nothing.

We shall mention but one more of the great Christian Fathers, and that is Cyprian; although a score of others might be added to the heroes of the Cross. Cyprian was born at Carthage, A. D. 220, where he lived after his conversion to Christianity. He was a great scholar, and it was due to his wise and careful leadership that the African Church was saved. He first became prominent by his zealous defense of those who surrendered their faith under pagan

persecution. He was an able writer on every phase of church life and polity. There are over eighty documents ascribed to his authorship. During the persecution of Valerian, Cyprian was banished, but afterwards returned to Carthage. Here he was beheaded, A. D. 258.

Before closing this brief summary of the Fathers, we desire to make a few observations concerning the four outstanding doctrines for which they stood and defended unto death. They followed not cunningly devised fables, but eternal truths, fresh from the Master and the great souls who were of His personal following.

First came the authenticity of the Scriptures; second, the Deity and Lordship of Jesus Christ; third, the certainty of the bodily resurrection of Christ, as recorded in the Gospels. Lastly, the pre-millennial coming and earthly reign of Christ on earth, as taught in the New Testament. It is indeed very significant that these same doctrines for which the Fathers of the Church stood are those which are being bitterly assailed today. When we oppose, or question any of these great doctrines, we dishonour the sacred memory of those heroic martyrs who gave up their lives that these truths might live. Must we, today, scrap those cardinal doctrines, which were never questioned by the spiritual leadership for three hundred years? Our Lord's personal return was a dominant doctrine in the Church, until pagan Rome was dumped bodily into the Church, under Constantine; then, the deeper spiritual tenets were lost; Rome crushed out the life-blood of the Church.

## II

### ST. AUGUSTINE

**I**N the previous chapter we gave a brief survey of the outstanding martyr-heroes who suffered and defended the Church through the years of her formative period. We do not feel justified, however, in leaving the Fathers of the Church without attention being given to one of the greatest of them all—St. Aurelius Augustine, than whom Church history has no more remarkable character. He was born A. D. November 13, 354, at Tagaste, Numidia. His father was poor, but respected, and served the community as what in our day would be a justice of the peace. He remained a pagan until a very short time before his death. Augustine's mother was a devout Christian, who strove to exert every influence for good over her son, seeking to train him in her faith to be a good and pious man.

The young man was educated, first at Madura, and afterwards at Carthage. The wild pagan society of the latter proved too much for him, and he soon lost all seeming inclination to sobriety and decency. His high-strung, impulsive nature was unbridled, and before he was eighteen years of age, he was keeping a mistress. As a result of this illicit intercourse a son was born, and named Adeodatus. But it can be said of Augustine's high sense of honour, that, at no time in his marvellous future career, did he deny his paternal relationship to his natural son. At the age of thirty-three, Augustine and his son were baptized into the Christian faith, by the venerable Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, A. D. April 25, 387. But this, however, anticipates the story of earlier years.

While studying at Carthage, Augustine became interested

in philosophy. He claims that one sentence in Cicero's *Hortensius*, stimulated his mind to the study of life's mysteries. He sought to solve the deep mysteries through the study of philosophy; there was an innate cry in his soul that longed for satisfaction. So great was his desire to go deeper into the problems of life, that he joined himself to the Manicheans. This was in no sense a Christian organization, but regarded as an heretical sect. Its creed was a strange mixture of Parseeism, Buddhism, to which was added an effort to give it a New Testament setting. Augustine returned to the place of his birth, where he taught and lectured on literature. At the age of twenty-seven, while at Tagaste, he wrote his first book, entitled *De Apto et Pulchro*, a treatise on Æstheticism. His keen insight into the serious problems of life, soon caused him to renounce his association with Manichæism in utter disgust.

In the year 383, Augustine journeyed to Rome, and thence to Milan, and herein was the turning-point in his life; God was strangely acting behind the scene, and directing the movements of this "chosen vessel." At Milan he again taught his favourite subjects—literature and rhetoric. At this time, the devout and eloquent Ambrose was Bishop of Milan, and the young teacher attended the ministry of the great preacher, and became deeply interested. A warm friendship soon sprang up between them, which finally brought about the conversion of Augustine. Almost from the hour of his newly-found faith, which was so real and glorious, he threw himself, soul, mind, and strength, into Christian activity.

He did not, however, despise the benefits of his philosophic studies. Before he embraced the Christian faith, and after he gave up Manichæism, Augustine was a close student of Plato, and he confesses that the study of Greek philosophy enkindled in him a mental awakening, that led him on to higher and better things. After Plato, he became interested in the Bible, first the Old and then the New Testament, not so much as a seeker after Christian truth,



but in order to gain a firmer hold on the theories he had learned in his Platonic studies. This, then, was the three-fold combination which operated in the saving of Augustine: the ministry of Ambrose, the study of the Bible, and the power of logical thinking which through his investigation for truth as taught in philosophy, Augustine exercised. It was seeking, asking, knocking on the part of an honest heart, humiliated by a life of sinful indulgencies, which, sometimes, goaded him almost to desperation. The climax was reached, however, in the absolute conversion of one of the brightest intellects and spiritual lights produced by the Church during the first thousand years of her history. For a long time Augustine tried to associate Christ and Paul with a higher altitude of Platonic Christian philosophy, when seeking the truth; but he did not fail to contrast the holiness of their lives with the human standards exemplified about him. He tried strenuously to hold on to his Platonic Christianity, but discovered it to be weak, in that it failed to deliver from sin. He tried to reconcile it with the teachings of Holy Scripture, but found it could not be reconciled. Moreover, he found it powerless to stem the currents of carnality in his own heart. In the midst of this soul travail he caught the true meaning of God, and Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and the Spirit of the Highest conquered, and brought a great soul from pagan darkness into the marvellous light of God's dear Son. It stood to reason, however, that a man of such superior temperament could not be satisfied with the veneer of things. His own conversion being genuine, the wonder and glory of it drove him to extreme intolerance for the sins and weaknesses of others. Conscious of his own marvellous deliverance from sin, he made no excuses for the shortcomings of his fellows.

In his *Confessions* is to be found a dark and painful picture of his past life, his bitter struggles with remorse, his spiritual blindness. With these facts before us, it is easy to understand his austere and fatalistic conception of God, who became in his economy of thought just such a

God to all the world; as One who should have dealt with him with justice and without mercy. Justice was the one word which characterized the theology of Augustine. So supremely did this quality of the Divine dominate his mind and spirit, that the love and mercy of God were obscured. He lacked many of the finer qualities to be found in some of the other Church Fathers; but seen from this distance, he towers in majestic splendour.

Monica, Augustine's devoted Christian mother, followed him to Milan, and shortly after his conversion, died in great peace; she had seen the salvation of her beloved son, whom she had followed with tears and prayers through all his wild career. Before leaving Italy, Augustine wrote some books, amongst them being *The Ills of the Catholic Church*, and *The Ills of Manichæism*. As was the custom of the converts of the Early Church, Augustine sold his possessions and gave to the poor. He entered into private life, but continued to write. In the year 391, he was ordained priest by the Bishop of Hippo, being now returned to North Africa, the scene of his early life. Following his ordination, four years were spent preaching and writing. He was then made Coadjutor with Valerius, Bishop of Hippo.

An event which occurred at this time brought to the surface the polemic powers of Augustine. This was the fierce struggle in the Early Church known in history as the Donatist and Pelagian controversy. The trouble arose over Donatus refusing his support to a man who had been accused of giving up his faith in a time of persecution. The controversy turned, furthermore, on the question of Apostolic succession. Like the Novatians of the previous century, the Donatists claimed that the merit of baptism and the sacraments depended, not upon the one who administered the elements, but on the holiness of the candidate. The Donatists withdrew and formed a new African Church, which continued to exist until the close of the sixth century.

The Pelagian controversy grew out of the doctrine of Original Sin. Pelagius contended that the natural condition

of man was free from carnality. Against this dangerous heresy, Augustine flung the full force of his great intellect, and saved the Church from its pernicious influence. The Church of the twentieth century sorely needs a successor of Augustine to combat this doctrine, since Pelagianism is stronger, more widely spread, today, than in the fourth century.

In 397, Augustine's *Confessions*, in thirteen volumes, appeared. It is an earnest, devout autobiography, an uncovering of self by one of the greatest intellects of all ages. Some passages are judged to have no parallel in all literature. In 413, he began his greatest work—*De Civitate Dei* (The City of God). On this book he spent more than a dozen years, and regarded it as his *magnum opus*. There are many inaccuracies to be found in the works of Augustine, but this fact notwithstanding no man since the Apostle Paul has exerted such an influence on the Church. History tells us of men who were empire builders; Augustine was a church builder. Many believe that he misinterpreted the teachings of Paul; nevertheless, he launched a theology that has outlived the passing of the centuries.

We have, in theology, what is known as Calvinism; a creed that has given to Protestant believers some of their greatest defenders. Calvinism should be called Augustinism, since he it was who blazed the way for John Calvin. The theology of Augustine, as seen by us, may appear to be severe; but we must get a close-up of the man before we can properly appreciate the source of his creed. He it was who conceived the absolute sovereignty of God, from which the "Five Points" of Calvinism—predestination, foreordination, irresistible grace, impossibility of apostasy, the final perseverance of saints—logically emerge, and which remain to this day, the creed of many powerful Protestant denominations.

We must look with large charity of understanding upon this great figure of the Early Church. In *his* day, religious truth was not so circumscribed by accurate definitions and

terminologies. We may find much to criticize in the practical side of Augustine; he believed, for example, that if burning a heretic would result in his salvation, he were better burned here, than in hell hereafter. Much of the severity of his doctrines, too, grew out of the memories of his own depravity and the realization of the fearful state of society, and the desolations of Barbarism. In 428, he wrote *Recantations*, which was a renunciation of almost all he had previously written. Two years later, the Vandals laid siege to the city of Hippo, and the old saint prayed that God would deliver him before the city fell. His prayer was answered. Augustine died August 28, 430, in the third month of the siege.

From this distance the vistas to the long ago can but obscure the brilliancy of the picture this stalwart character threw on the world's screen. Had his towering personality shown only on the dark background of his own age, there would be nothing so unusual about the scenes in which he operated; but Augustine projected himself into the world's thinking; he delved into the deepest problems of life and faith, and came forth with solutions, though hard and uncharitable, that have amazed all students of history.

### III

## TWO GREAT CRISES

THE Master taught His followers that they were not to use carnal weapons in defending Him. "My kingdom is not of this world," He declared. When Peter wanted to fight for Him He said: "Put up thy sword." As we think of the Christian Church—its methods, its objectives, its spirit—there is a harsh incongruity which jars on our religious emotions when we associate the triumphs of the Gospel with fighting and bloodshed. There seems to be no righteous apology for slaughtering human beings. War is inhuman, destructive, devilish; yet many of our greatest institutions have been secured to us on fields of battle. Some one has estimated that human liberty—our national *depositum*—has been bought at the price of a thousand bloody battles.

History undoubtedly teaches that there are certain great principles which cannot be established in any other way. Society is so organized and nations so related that powers and privileges will not be surrendered without a struggle unto death. This has been true, largely, because those who were the greatest beneficiaries of war did not have to fight and risk their lives. Millions of the peasantry—the hoi polloi—have died on battlefields to promote certain "divine rights" which had no authority and no actual existence except in the sordid ambitions of man.

But can we *ever* say that war was religiously justified? Has the Church *ever* been called upon to fight for its life; human beings striving to help each other and, at the same time, seeking to kill them? Pacifism says "No." But history says "Yes," and emphatically. The Church has had



victories of a world-wide scope which could not have been, but for the bravery and military skill of two men. Sir Edward Creasy wrote a book entitled *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*. These were battles which turned the tide of some great revolution or campaign, changing the course of human history; battles which settled some great political or constitutional question. Sir Edward gives a place to one of the battles which we shall mention in these pages, although he does not give the heart of the issue involved.

The forces of evil are arrayed against the forces of righteousness. Evil powers are seeking to win with carnal weapons; they have sought to overthrow the sacred institutions of civilization with fire and blood. This chapter deals with two crises that faced the Church of God; there was no alternative; it was Christ or Mahomet, the Church or pagan savagery. Just as surely as God directed wars in the long ago when His plans were in danger, thus did He direct the heart and brain of two mighty religious chieftains. A crisis is the raindrop falling on the crest of a mountain, with a margin so narrow that a destiny irrevocable must result, stretching into eternity. The Master said He was not sending peace into the world—but war. Great national movements, whether political or religious, cannot be settled at a peace table; human society is not thus organized. War is sometimes irrevocable and righteous; the Church lives today because the sword has been unsheathed in her defense.

Early in the history of Mohammedanism the Saracens conquered Spain. They were a people of strange and varied origins. They were called Moors, but they were of a combination of Mauri, Numidians, Phœnicians, Romans and Arabs. They were a remarkable people, far in advance of the various races from which they sprang, and the footprints of their civilization remain to this day, in old Spain. The mosaics found among the ruins of their temples and palaces are viewed, today, by lovers of the artistic. The famous Alhambra—a description of it is to be found in the works

of Washington Irving, and a masterpiece of American literature—is a monument to the genius of the Moors. The Crusaders were never more zealous for the triumph of the Cross than the Moors were for the utter subjugation of the world for the Crescent. They were not only the supreme power in Southern Spain, but in all the country below the Pyrenees. Reinforced from their mother countries, they pushed their mighty forces northward for the complete overthrow of European civilization—the centre of which was the Church. This direful programme would have been accomplished, but for the military genius of one man.

The Franks were the forefathers of the French people. Pepin of Héristal was the “Mayor of the Palace,” and so well did he organize this office, that it became hereditary. This family ruled under the last of the Merovingian kings. At the death of King Charles, Pepin’s natural son, Charles Martel, was proclaimed Mayor to succeed his father. King Chilperic refused to recognize this claim, whereupon civil war broke out which ended in Martel not only being Mayor of the Palace, but the virtual ruler of the Franks as well. His reign was one continuous war, but the one engagement which places him among the immortals is the famous battle of Tours, fought on the River Loire, one hundred and forty-five miles southwest of the present city of Paris.

In 730, the Saracens (Moors) having wrested Septimania from the Goths, advanced into Aquitaine and conquered Bordeaux; defeated the Duke of Aquitaine, and crossed the Garonne, and advanced upon Tours—the frontier of the defenders of the Church. All Christendom was alarmed. Charles Martel rallied his forces with a slogan, not unlike that which their prosperity used centuries later when the Germans were pushing on to Paris, *Il no pas*—“They shall not pass.” The bloodthirsty Saracens were met with these words: “Thus far, and no further; thy proud waves shall stop.” This decisive battle was fought between Tours and Poitiers and was the Waterloo of the Saracen invasion.

Their great leader, Abd-ur-Rahman, fell, and his entire army cut to pieces. The scattered remnant fell back beyond the Pyrenees. This remarkable victory occurred A. D. 732. In 738, the Saracens made another effort to press over into their lost territory, but met with another crushing defeat at Narbonne, at the hands of Charles Martel. This battle added Languedoc to the Frankish domain, and the Saracens returned to Southern Spain to molest Europe no more.

The Battle of Tours did two things: first, and by far the most important, it saved Europe from the subjugation of Mohammedanism. It is difficult, today, to estimate the full significance of this conflict. The victory was for the Romish Church; but that meant Christianity, as Jesus Christ had no other organized defenders in the world at that time. Out of this great organization have come master-spirits who have given to the world the Protestant faith. Every reformer and martyr of the Early and Mediæval Church was born within the folds of Romanism, prior to the days of Luther. The second result of the Battle of Tours was the laying the foundation of what is now the great French Republic. The grandson of Charles Martel (who became known as "The Hammer") was Charlemagne, the most powerful ruler and Christian statesman of mediæval times. He was able to rear a mighty superstructure upon the victory of Tours, and that superstructure was, first, the Church, and then the State or government.

From rostrum, literature, and common parlance, we learn of the greatness of the people of the Anglo-Saxon race; they are world-builders, and world-rulers in learning, laws, and the best elements of civilization. England is a great country; and no nation has meant so much to human liberties, both religious and political, as the English. But the English people have an origin; they did not just happen to be great. The Romans regarded the original inhabitants of Britain unfit, even, to be slaves. From whence came this wonderful people, whose great institutions have meant so much to the

welfare of the human race? The little island of Britain was a veritable battlefield for over a thousand years. The Saxons embraced Christianity, and for three hundred years waged an incessant warfare with surrounding pagan races, the most war-like of which were the Danes.

Alfred of England was born A. D. 849, the son of Ethelwolf, King of West Saxony. At the age of twenty-three he came to the throne, on the death of his brother Ethelred. Already Alfred had demonstrated his genius and leadership in the wars against a continuous invasion of barbaric hordes. In 878, the Danes completely overran the country, and took possession of all the important posts of the West Saxons. So powerful were these fierce invaders, that Alfred had to seek safety in the forests and other out-of-the-way places in his kingdom. All the time, however, he kept in close communication with his princes and leaders. The Danes felt so secure in their conquests that they gave themselves over to drunkenness and idleness. All the time Alfred was quietly preparing for a master-stroke, and before the Danes were aware of his intentions, he threw up a great fortification in what is now Somersetshire, and his followers hastily joined him from every part of the country. The surprised Danes tried to storm the fortification several times, but were driven back with heavy loss. Then, Alfred sallied forth from his redoubt and delivered a crushing defeat on them at Edington, less than one year from the time they had taken full possession of the country. Guthrun, the Danish king, was forced to unconditional surrender, and, with thirty of his most powerful leaders, accepted Christianity, and were baptized. This left Alfred, the undisputed king of England, the first to rule the entire Island.

From that time forward, the fame and influence of Alfred grew until he became known as Alfred the Great, and the remainder of his life was spent in constructive work for his people. He rebuilt the destroyed cities and fortresses, paying special attention to the founding of London, which, today, is the world's metropolis. His people were taught the



use of arms; and instructed in the arts of farming and industries. Without chart or compass, as it were, Alfred set in motion all the institutions which contribute to the greatness of the England of today. Historians are lavish in the reverence and honour they bestow upon this solitary figure towering up amid the darkness. He compiled codes and statutes and dispensed justice; he imparted that reverence for law which abides in the English people in a greater degree, than in any people on earth. Just how he managed to inject his great soul into such barrenness, as to bring forth such an abundant harvest, must remain one of the phenomenons of history. It was said that a purse, or a gold bracelet could be left outside a house-door in Alfred's days, and not be stolen.

We can never compute how much civilization really owes to Alfred the Great; truly he won the right to his title. Some writers claim that he it was who established trial by jury. This may not be correct; but the fact remains that Alfred did more in one short life for his own, and future generations, than any other character in history. He was one of the best scholars of his day. He wrote books for his people, translated classic documents into the Saxon language, taught classes in the rudiments of education in his own court, and founded schools in Ireland.

The English navy has been Britain's bulwark for centuries, and Alfred it was who organized it. There would seem to have been no branch of human activity and development, to which Alfred did not make some lasting contribution. He was one of God's ten-talented men, raised up to be a great champion in one of the great crises-hours, which threatened Christian civilization.

Now in just what way was the faith of Christianity saved in this crisis? We might answer by calling attention to England and Protestantism; to England and moral law; to England and her people—her great sons—and her paramount of over one-seventh of the whole earth. But in a particular way, not only did Alfred save this wonderful



little island from barbarism—the Danes had rejected Christianity—but in all this noble young king did, there was an intense religious fervour. The biggest motive that fired the heart of Alfred was his zeal for Christ and righteousness. With all his triumphs went the triumphs of the Church. Not as with Constantine five hundred years before; for Alfred was truly a devout man, a God-sent man, and his wars were in defense of the Cross. He had nothing in him, however, of a wild Crusader's fanaticism; what he had was a sublime faith in the Saviour of men. Alfred died at the early age of fifty-two, worn out by a long, lingering bodily affliction. But it is not in the length of time we live, but the way we spend it, that achievement must be reckoned. And under this appraisal Alfred the Great must be adjudged as one of the greatest among the sons of men.

Whatever Europe and England have meant to the propagation of the Gospel, must form part of the tribute of holy memory and honour that must be given to the names of Charles Martel and Alfred the Great, two of the greatest warriors of a thousand years. We shudder at the thought of what might have happened to the world had not these two men appeared, to meet two great crises, in the history of the race.

## IV

### JOHN WYCLIF

THE fourteenth century was the midnight of what is known in history as the Dark Ages; some historians are more lenient, and call it "Mediæval Times;" others who wish to remove the mask, by using more dramatic terminology, call it "The Devil's Millennium." It covered about one thousand years between the conversion of Constantine and the Reformation. In this study we wish to get a close-up of the gloaming period of the day-dawn of Protestantism. We wish to say in passing that, with all the moral and spiritual darkness which centred in the Church, and especially the Papacy, there were some great characters who appeared from time to time. We shall mention the outstanding leaders—Charlemagne, the Empire builder; Hildebrand, the ecclesiastical-monarch builder; Bernard, the founder of monasticism; Anselm, the astute expounder of mediæval theology; Thomas Aquinas, the scholar and philosopher; Thomas à Becket, the man who gave superior power to the office and dignity of the prelate; William of Wykeham, the father of Gothic architecture; Peter the Hermit, the fanatic who roused all Europe and launched the Crusades.

But the one name towering with majestic zeal and consecration which is the synonym of the Reformation sunbursts is John Wyclif. He was a churchman, as were all his mediæval predecessors, schooled in the traditions and dogmas of Rome; but his was "the voice crying in the wilderness," as it were—"Prepare ye the way of the Lord." He was the pioneer, seeking to make the paths straight.

The Reformation in its beginning was not a theological

movement, such as it became later. The Catholic Church has never questioned any of the fundamental doctrines in relation to the Deity of Christ, the Trinity, etc.; the doctrines, as expounded and defended by the Church Fathers, have been accepted by all the great leaders of the Reformation. Protestantism has no quarrel with Catholicism on the question of the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the work of the Holy Spirit. But the abuses, the worship of Mary and the saints, and the pagan superstitions and dogmas which have grown out of the gigantic system, celibacy of the priesthood, the confessional, purgatory and the supremacy of the Papacy—gave a wide-open door for the scandalous corruptions and flagrant immoralities which have cursed every people dominated by this Church. These degeneracies reached the full fruitage in the centuries preceding the Reformation. The Church was supreme; the threat of excommunication—the “big stick” of Catholicism—was a power so dreaded that kings and parliaments bowed in humble subserviency to the mandates of Rome.

No reform was possible from without; it had to come from within. Pope Innocent III. instituted the mendicant friars—an order of Dominican and Franciscan monks, who were tax-gatherers swarming everywhere like blood-sucking octopi, sapping the very life from the resources of all Europe, and nowhere to the extent that it was carried on in England. Monasteries and convents waxed fat on the gullibility of the people; and at the same time they were veritable cesspools of drunkenness and licentiousness. The clergy was ignorant, gluttonous, morally depraved. There were twenty thousand monks in England living on the fat of the land—leading lives that would scarcely be tolerated in the underworld of today. All efforts for reform had failed; conditions grew worse. The Pope would not interfere, as these venal arteries were his base of supplies. John Wyclif came upon the scene at such a time—born in Yorkshire in 1324. At sixteen, he was a student at Merton College, Oxford, and came in touch with the greatest scholars

of the century. Wyclif studied nineteen years to receive the degree of Doctor of Divinity; it was not an honour conferred by personal influence, but it meant the highest possible attainment in scholarship. Wyclif distinguished himself, first, for being one of the best scholars of his day. The fourteenth century was ruled by the learned doctors. It gave them access to the council-tables of kings and parliaments. They were honoured above princes and nobles. Questions of church and state were settled by them. Each century has been ruled by some peculiar brand of leadership; as the nineteenth century was controlled by captains of industry, the fourteenth placed the scholar on the throne of power.

When Wyclif's voice began to thunder against the corruptions of the Church, he was the mouthpiece, as it were, of the universities; his message carried the prestige of scholasticism. There were being generated bitter rivalries between the Crown and the Pope; the government protested against the oppression of the mendicant friars; then Wyclif denounced the Pope, and his career as a reformer began. He dominated the political activities, and some believe he held a seat of honour in Parliament, but when he had the audacity to hurl his invectives against the Pope, it became necessary for him to have protection powerful enough to shield him from the wrath of one who was the most powerful personage on earth. The spirit of Rome would hang those who criticize the Pope today; but in the fourteenth century he had the power to execute her wishes. No voice had ever before dared to do as Wyclif did. We can understand the position he held in the opinion of his countrymen, in that he was not silenced by burning fagots.

In 1376, Parliament renewed its assault against the Pope's presumptions and exactions. Twenty thousand pounds annually were collected to take care of "Peter's Pence." So terrific were Wyclif's assaults that the ecclesiastical machinery of England took aggressive steps to silence and punish the bold heretic. This term meant opposition

to the hierarchy; to question papal authority was to be an arch-heretic. Wyclif was commanded to appear before a convocation to be held in St. Paul's Cathedral, and answer for his bold criticisms of the "oracles of God." The story of John Wyclif would doubtless have ended with this trial, but for the fact that the Duke of Lancaster, and Henry Percy, the ancestor of the Dukes of Northumberland, secreted themselves in the chapel behind the altar where the prelates had assembled. What could be done when the great Oxford scholar was protected by a royal Duke, clothed with power, and the Earl Marshal wielding the sword of State?

The Pope saw his power slipping from him, and he resorted to his big trump-card. Whereupon, he issued his bulls clothed in the most vitriolic language he could command. The university was commanded, on the penalty of excommunication, to place this daring heretic in chains awaiting his pleasure. A copy was sent to the king, also. But the prelates did not wish to quarrel with so powerful a man as the Duke of Lancaster, and many months passed before the Pope's orders were half-heartedly executed. Wyclif was brought before another tribunal, but the people were with him; the queen also sent a message forbidding sentence against him. It was a great victory for Wyclif, after which he published his opinions in thirty-nine articles, attacking the infallibility of the Pope, and the absurdity of his power of excommunication, closing with the amazing statement that the Church would be better with no Pope at all, and further denounced him as an Antichrist.

Rome's dogmas have met the biting sarcasm of reason and scholarship all through the centuries; but she carries on. At no time has her Zion sailed on quiet seas, but few of her critics have been as lucky as John Wyclif. Rome gives the block, the gibbet, the gallows, and the stake to those who dare question her presumptions. Rome changes her tactics when external pressure demands it; but she changes not her spirit. It is a church illuminated by in-



quisitorial fires; her victims have known no mercy, and Rome may yet taste the vitrol of her own policy.

The most constructive and far-reaching work of John Wyclif was his translation of the Bible into English. The Word of God was now in the hands of the people; before, it was a sealed Book. Wyclif's translation was considered an act of sacrilege worthy of death. The Bible cost, then, about \$150.00, as each copy had to be written out—there were no printing presses. They multiplied, however, despite the fact that the Church imposed fines, imprisonments, and martyrdom on those found guilty of having a copy of the Bible in their possession. Wyclif was summoned to Rome, where he would have suffered martyrdom, but ill health prevented him from making the journey. In 1384, he was stricken with paralysis, and died, three days later, at the age of sixty; some say, sixty-four.

This grand old hero was the most revered, and the most learned man of his age. He was the entering wedge of the Reformation. He died before his life-labours reached their full fruition; but, as has been said, "He was the scourge of imposture, the ponderous hammer which smote the brazen idolatry of his age." He was not the fiery orator like Luther; but he was the cautious scholarly builder of truth. Wyclif escaped the vengeance of Rome because of his high rank as a scholar. Terrible persecutions and martyrdom fell upon the people known as Lollards, Wyclifites, and Bible-men. The full blast of Rome's wrath was turned loose to uproot, if possible, the influence of John Wyclif; but the work had been done. The conflagration spread; the Reformation was born; evangelical faith awakened from the dead ashes of a depraved ecclesiasticism.

## V

### TYNDAL AND LATIMER

WE are not presuming in these studies to write exclusively on Christian martyrdom. Our objective is to bring the readers in touch with the high peaks—the brilliant lights that have helped to guide the uneven pilgrimage of those who have tried to follow the Perfect Man through darkness and doubt. It is, however, a striking concomitant that the fate of most of them has been the altar of supreme sacrifice. The steps leading up to conspicuous Christly leadership have been steps mounting the scaffold, or the burning fagots. During the reign of Queen Mary, known in history as “Bloody Mary,” the eldest daughter of Henry VIII., eight thousand Protestants were martyred, many of them great leaders.

The Renaissance had done its work; men learned in that period of mind awakening the majestic power of intellectual freedom. The Reformation was of the flood-tide; Europe also had felt the dynamic shock of religious freedom.

A survey of religious progress, lacking the name of William Tyndal, would mean a vital link in the chain broken. He was born in the year 1484, at a time when students of history know that the human energy was seeking an outlet—an expression—as never before. Columbus was trying to finance his “wild dream;” Spain was busy with her torture-chambers, and seeking world-conquest. The Pope had sent forth his bulls, urging the extermination of all heretics who were daring to think. Henry VIII. was quarrelling with the Pope—a very fortunate thing for England at that time. When his daughter Mary reached the throne the high carnival of blood began; Protestants

were roasted with a fiendish glee not surpassed in the days of Nero.

Tyndal came upon the scene at such a dramatic hour. He was born of well-to-do parents, and was educated, first at Oxford and then at Cambridge. "Early in his college life," says his biographer, "he showed an unusual aptitude for the study of the Scriptures." After leaving Cambridge, he became tutor and chaplain in the home of one Sir John Walsh, a knight of Gloucestershire. Here he soon found himself in the limelight by his bitter arguments with local priests and friars. They were all outclassed by the brilliant argumentative powers of the scholarly young man.

The matter resulted in such arguments reaching the ears of the authorities in Rome, and Tyndal was branded early in his career as a dangerous heretic, which brought upon him the wrath of the Church. He was a marked man, and as was said of his Master, "They sought how they might destroy him."

Tyndal's first great ambition was to translate the Bible into the English language, whereupon he went to London, hoping to secure the necessary support for this great undertaking, as it was a stupendous task. He met with disappointment, and his journey failed in its undertaking. Then he went to Germany, where, by some means, he accomplished his purpose, and translated the New Testament into the language of his people.

The first edition was issued in 1525, and taken at once to England. Giving the Bible to the common people was regarded by the Church as an act of treason; both Church and state denounced it as offense worthy of death. However, the people clamoured for the Bible, and it was sought for eagerly among high and low. The Dutch printers got out several editions, and they were read secretly in the homes of both Catholics and Protestants.

Tyndal remained on the continent, writing tracts and discourses on the doctrines of reform, preaching continually to the hungry multitudes the message of salvation. While in

Germany and Holland, Tyndal translated various parts of the Old Testament, among them, the Pentateuch, and also the Book of Jonah. He had taken up as a permanent residence a home at Antwerp, and hoped to finish his life's labours in quietness; but the henchmen of the Pope watched and waited for a chance to pounce upon their prey, and the opportunity came at last.

He was treacherously arrested and sent to prison, where, for sixteen months, he suffered all the tortures and humiliations that could be heaped upon him. The spies of the Church had done their work well, and hounded his footsteps for years, and by an act of fraud and misrepresentation succeeded in landing him in a dungeon. At this time Tyndal was not under the direct authority of the English clergy, but the Church acts as one man, in any country, at any time. This great and good man was publicly strangled and then burned, at Vilvorde, near Brussels, in the year 1536.

When we hold in our hands the Bible, in its present beautiful and popular style and diction, we are apt to forget the price that was paid that we might have it. The Bible, as we have it today, is practically the work of William Tyndal, the heroic scholar and martyr. For this act, above all else, the hell-hounds of Rome trailed him to his death. That organization hates the open Bible; this blessed Book and Romanism are at extreme positions; one is the antithesis of the other, and we know this fact no better than Rome herself; her supreme wrath has ever been hurled against the promoters of an open Bible. Let us not forget to reverently thank God for such men as William Tyndal, who faithfully served all future generations by his fearless, consecrated, scholarly mind and spirit. His activities in the arena of life were comparatively brief, as he was martyred at the age of fifty-two; but his labours were monumental and lasting; he enriched the world beyond any man of his age; but he himself did not enjoy the benefits of those riches.

Six years after the birth of Tyndal, Hugh Latimer was born, and from his early youth, thoroughly saturated with

the traditions of the Roman Church. When he delivered his graduating address at Cambridge, he denounced in the most scathing language the reformers of the times as the most dangerous enemies of the people. A man by the name of Thomas Bilney heard the oration and was moved with pity for the misdirected zeal of the young enthusiast, and sought for an interview with young Latimer. The outcome of this heart-to-heart talk was the conversion and spiritual awakening of the youth. Once the glorious light of Reformation truth dawned upon him, his zeal was just as pronounced in the promotion of these truths, and he began it without delay. The whole program of the Church was revealed to him as loaded down with humbuggery. He began to preach and teach in and about the university on such themes as—"Praying in Latin," "Worshipping of Saints," "Withholding the Oracles of Salvation from the People," etc. His sermons were so pointed and logically terrific in showing up the absurdity of it all, that the anger of the local priests and friars were aroused to white heat.

Latimer gained favour with the court by his able defense of Henry VIII. in his controversy with the Pope concerning his marriage with Katherine of Aragon. Latimer was appointed by the university to look into the legal phases of the question, and his findings were in favour of the king. This brought him into the public eye, and the king at once appointed him Bishop of Worcester. His fame as a mighty preacher spread all over England and the Continent. He became thereby the object of vengeance on the part of the Pope and his allies. His boldness and oratory won for him great renown, and even his enemies admitted that he possessed unusual gifts.

At this time the reform spirit began to wane, so that Latimer felt the lack of sympathy and response he had formerly received. Henry VIII. was in his dotage, whereupon, two powerful personalities, and bitter enemies of the Reformation, Gardiner and Bonner, took advantage of the laxness of the times and soon gained control of Church and



state affairs. At this time Latimer, who had become feeble and afflicted in body, went to London for medical advice. This was the opportune time, and the enemies caused him to be arrested in London, and consigned to the Tower, where he remained until Edward VI., the son of Henry, came to the throne. He would have been martyred at once, but they were unable to get the king's consent, though old and senile. Edward at once recalled Latimer, and offered him his old bishopric, but this Latimer did not accept. He was allowed to teach and preach whenever and wherever he desired. Preaching was his forte; the pulpit was his throne of power; his sermons were saturated with evangelistic zeal, so that the great doctrines of reform were again restored to the attention of the people. But at this time Protestantism received the worst blow in the history of England—the untimely death of Edward VI. The spiritually enlightened knew, too well, that it was like a day of doom. Edward was a true defender and protector of the Reformation. His death placed Mary, the eldest daughter of Henry VIII., on the throne. Latimer was arrested at once, and all his co-workers with him. He declared that it was the judgment of God sent upon them for the backslidings of the people who had once received the light.

For more than a year Latimer remained in jail, worn in body, and sick almost unto death. His executioners would have been cheated had they waited a little longer; but so great a disturber as Hugh Latimer could not be allowed to escape the torments due him. Latimer knew his fate was sealed, and throughout all his imprisonment he kept a cheerful attitude of mind, and was a mystery to his keepers. One day he pleasantly told the jailer, that if he did not take better care of him, his master would be greatly disappointed. When asked what he meant, he replied, "Why, my good man, you expect me to burn; but if you do not furnish me with some fire, I shall *freeze* to death."

After being kept in the Tower for a long time, Latimer was taken to Oxford, together with Bishop Ridley, one of

his devoted friends and co-workers. They were kept in prison in that city until October, 1555, and then these two great men were escorted from the prison to the Bocardo Gate, just outside Oxford, where stakes and fagots were waiting for them. Before the chains were applied to bind them to the stakes, they were allowed to kneel in prayer. This last prayer of Latimer was a repetition of what he had been praying for since the death of Edward VI., that the Gospel might again be restored to the people; second, that he might remain faithful unto death; and lastly, that the Lady Elizabeth might be spared to become Queen of England. She was the youngest daughter of Henry VIII., and an ardent Protestant. This threefold prayer was answered. Latimer died in triumph, Elizabeth became Queen of England, and Catholicism never again dominated that wonderful island empire. The Gospel of free salvation has been preached in England ever since the death of "Bloody Mary."

The two men were then chained to their posts, and when the fagots began to blaze about their feet Latimer said to his companion: "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall, this day, by God's grace, light such a candle in England, which, I trust, never shall be put out." Ridley was heard to exclaim, as the flames rose higher: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Latimer's last words were: "O Father of heaven, receive my soul." Crying friends and hissing enemies witnessed the tragic ending of those two great souls—valiant soldiers of the Cross.

We cannot close this brief sketch without mentioning two tragic happenings at the sacrificial scene. As the flames leaped about Latimer he bathed his hands in them, and at once they seemed in a strange manner to enter his side, near his heart, and a stream of blood gushed from the wound. His countenance lighted up with a halo of glory, as it were; the dying saint was allowed the honour of shedding his blood for his Master. That was the end. But with Ridley

it was not so; the fagots were green, and the fire ranged downward, prolonging the torture, as his lower limbs were being burned. So great was his agony, that he cried for them to place dry fagots around him, so as to end the suffering. After his legs were burned off, the garment of his body was not scorched. The torture of the sainted Ridley cannot be put in language.

The sympathizing crowd was moved to tears, as the two most distinguished men of that day died, the victims of priestly hate. The curse of God must sooner or later be poured out upon an organization guilty of such crimes in the name of the humble, compassionate Saviour. Oh, the travesty—the supreme blasphemy—of such a record as Rome must carry as “Christ’s Vicar on earth!”

However, the torch *was* lighted; England and the whole world received the light. Gardiner, who was the prime mover in the arrest and execution of these men, sat down to eat a sumptuous dinner after the horrible affair was over, and was hilarious over his great victory. He had scarcely swallowed a mouthful before he was taken seriously ill; his stomach and bowels became paralyzed, and for fifteen days he suffered, until he became almost a maniac, and died in torture of mind and body. It is claimed that he had planned a trap for the execution of the Lady Elizabeth; but his death put an end to his dastardly scheme.

When we remember the Blood Atonement through which our glorious Gospel was delivered to us, and recall, also, the sacrificial lives of such men as Tyndal and Latimer, we shall be guilty of base ingratitude if, in any way, we should prove unfaithful to the great Scriptural, orthodox tenets of our faith, such as were once delivered unto the saints.

## VI

### SAVONAROLA

WHAT was known as the Dark Ages had begun to disappear; the opening scenes of the Renaissance had burst upon the thinking of the age. Columbus was trying to visualize his dream of a new route to India; Michael Angelo was moulding his genius in clay and creations in colour. Florence was in her glory, but submerged in vice. Tyrants ruled the cities, monks peddled indulgencies throughout Europe and waxed fat on the superstitions of the people. The children of bishops and popes were elevated to places of authority; monasteries were filled with gluttony and licentiousness, convents were brazenly given over to concubinage and greed. It is evident that the artistic is not an avenue to piety. Church and state, together, seemed to connive for the pollution of society. God and duty were entirely disregarded.

In the year 1453, in the city of Ferrara, there was born a son to a prominent family. They were able to give him the best educational advantages of the time, looking to the profession of medicine. While in his later teens, young Savonarola became desperately in love with a beautiful but frivolous Florentine maiden. His temperament was such that he was unable to throw off the depression due to his rejected love. He became despondent and morose. Instead of pushing ahead in his chosen profession, he fled to a Dominican monastery, so as to lose himself from a society that had broken his heart. His time was spent in fasting and prayer, until his body was emaciated, and his appearance almost ghostly.

We wish to pause here for a moment and pay our re-

spects to that little Italian signorina who, by breaking her engagement with the love-sick lad, made all civilization her debtor. But for her fickleness in breaking off this love affair, the whole world would have been poorer beyond measure. We should give her a vote of thanks. Oh, how God must put His chosen vessels in the crucible, and the melting pot, before the pure gold can be separated from the dross!

Years were spent in Bible study and philosophy. Savonarola's righteous soul grew vexed at the corruptions in the Church. He was not an independent thinker such as Luther; his fight for moral and spiritual purity was within the well-beaten channels of the religious organizations of the times. Viewed from the standpoint of human achievements, his life seemed to be a failure. The solidarity of Roman degeneracy and political lawlessness was like a wall of adamant. Against these twin evils this great soul hurled his every power.

Savonarola won the confidence of his superiors because of his masterly reading of the Old Testament, and it surely seemed as though the monk had caught the spirit of the old prophets as well as their courage and austerity. He was not very well versed in theology, but tremendously interested in the morals of the people.

When about thirty years of age, he began to preach in Ferrara, and also in Florence, but without success; his failure greatly humiliated him, and because the cultured of society refused to hear him, he went for a while and preached to the rough mountain villagers miles from the city. However, the power of his eloquence began to attract wide attention, and in 1490, he was called to Florence again, and finally to St. Mark's Chapel, a building which could not accommodate the crowds which desired to hear him. The services were finally moved to the Cathedral, and even here the multitudes pressed into every foot of space. It was then that Savonarola's true career began.



Lorenzo de Medici was absolute lord of Florence, and the haughty prince sent for this modern John the Baptist, and remonstrated with him to be less severe and more tolerant, but with no success. The voice still cried out in the wilderness of sin and gross immorality. Then the Medici became sick unto death, and again sent for the great preacher that he might receive absolution for his long record of sins, but Savonarola refused to grant him absolution until the rights that he had wrested from the people were fully restored.

When the great prince died, a weaker Medici came to the throne, but no less corrupt and oppressive. So powerful had the Prior of St. Mark's become, however, that he acted the part of a veritable dictator. His fame and influence extended all over Italy. He decided that, until the Medici dynasty was expelled from Florence, there could be no reforms. To this task the mighty prophet of God opened up with such a series of invectives and denunciations that all the city trembled with fear. The result was that the most powerful family in Florentine history fled from the city. Then the Dominican monk organized a government; every detail of politics and religion was according to his direction; but at no time did he get down and mingle with the crowd, but only from his "throne of thunder" did he operate. Our own great national documents were not alone the results of the efforts of such men as Hamilton and Jefferson, but of all former magna chartas of human liberty. But this man produced a constitutional government, *alone*, which granted religious liberty to the people but in no particular removed from Savonarola his apostolic power as a preacher. He was a true apostle of all the traditions of his Church, but fought to the limit of his great personality the prevailing sins and abuses; but, unlike Luther, he was unable to see that the great evil grew out of the system. Luther sought to destroy the evil at its tap-root; the prophet of St. Mark's sought to kill the foul growth. He taught, however, that the only true source of

authority was lodged in the people. This was democracy, but entirely new in that age of the world's history.

Not only did Savonarola apply his program to constitutional matters, but he established loan banks for the people, and saved them from the Shylocks of that day, who preyed upon the people, charging them a rate of interest sometimes as high as thirty-three per cent. He literally burned himself out, soul and body, to help the people to clean and holy living.

Florence and all Italy had reached a climax in wickedness and moral degeneracy; popes, bishops, priests and people had lost all sense of decency. We may imagine the effect of such times when Savonarola is described thus: "This man—venerated, austere, impassioned, like an ancient prophet, like one risen from the dead—denouncing woes with such awful tones, such majestic fervour, such terrible emphasis, as to break through all apathy, all delusions, and fill the people with remorse, astonish them by his revelations, and make them feel that supernatural powers, armed with the terrors of omnipotence, would hurl them into hell unless they repented." Hear his denunciations further and we may not wonder at the effect: "Oh, harlot Church! Thou hast made thy deformities apparent to all the world; thou hast multiplied thy formations in Italy, in France, in Spain, and in every country! "

Savonarola's reforms were weak in that they dealt with morals rather than doctrines. Luther saw that the system was evil and must be uprooted. Savonarola was a slave to the system. Luther put the axe at the root of the tree and hewed into the vitals of the foul growth; Savonarola wrought havoc with rotten foliage that filled all life in Florence and Italy with a stench. Luther sought out the poison bacili that was choking the blood streams, and inhibiting nerve centres; Savonarola applied the caustic to the skin cancers on the body politic. The stalwart monk could not see that it was the Holy Church at fault. Like many other reformers, he found that the system could not be

reformed; a new creation must take its place. Savonarola poured out a tornado of holy wrath against persons, while the vile brood continued to hatch. Luther put the Bible in the hands of the people, and touched up the intellect of Germany, and thereby his work remained while, with the passing of the Florentine monk's personality his reform was doomed to failure, just as emotional evangelism, that is not rooted and grounded in the subsoil of doctrine, is likely to pass away. For the time, no man wielded such power as he. "Savonarola was transcendent in his oratorical gifts, the like of which before had not been witnessed in Italy. He was a born orator, as vehement as Demosthenes, as passionate as Chrysostom, as electrical as Bernard, nothing could withstand him; he was a torrent that bore everyone before him."

But the wrath of the Pope was aroused to the highest pitch of fury, and the people of Florence began to tire of the high pressure of fear. The Pope ordered Savonarola to cease preaching, on the threat of excommunication; but he preached with more zeal than ever, and denounced the Pope, who at that time was Alexander VI., known as a base libertine and drunkard. But his power was felt, and, finally, he threatened to excommunicate the entire city if the Dominican monk were not silenced. This was the beginning of the end; the city officers effected his arrest and imprisonment.

Savonarola hoped that his great following among the people would come to his rescue, but in this he was disappointed. He wrote letters to friends throughout Europe, but they were intercepted and sent to the Pope; the tide turned, the powerful Medicean party was re-established. The fickle people deserted the great leader. When he refused to submit to the ordeal by fire—a superstition from the Dark Ages—he was subjected to a series of inquisitorial torture which lasted for months, and so severe was it at times, that life almost passed from his body. But in the presence of his fiendish tormentors he remained firm, and

they could find no fault in him. The only charge they could sustain was that he prophesied, foretold them of coming doom, like Jeremiah of old. His persecutors determined that he should die, even without a bill of charges. Florence consented to his death, as the Medici held the highest office in the city. His confession, given while under the most excruciating pain, was garbled and perverted. But the motto of his persecuters was—"A dead enemy can fight no more."

The mob began to clamour for his blood, and the foul deed was accomplished. In the forty-fifth year of his tempestuous life he was led forth to martyrdom; not to the stake, as was the usual custom, but to the scaffold. With a composure that was never excelled, Savonarola mounted the place prepared for his execution on the public square, not far from where his voice had caused the walls of the great Cathedral to quiver, one of the greatest messengers since John the Baptist was put to death, and, like his great prototype, died, the victim of hatred, born of immorality as base as that of the mistress of King Herod. The crime this great man had committed was that he dared to preach against sin in high places, as well as low. He feared no man, he feared only the God he worshipped. Millions of men and women have been martyred, but there is a pathos as well as tragedy of Calvary. When the Sanhedrin caused the public execution of Jesus Christ, they had their blinded prejudice to credit for murdering the purest and best man who ever touched this planet. When the Church of Rome caused the execution of Savonarola, it has occasioned the murder—cruel, cold-blooded, unprovoked—of one of the purest and selfless men the Church ever produced.

Oh, the penalty of power! Had this monk remained within the silent cloister and mumbled his litanies and masses, he would never have been molested; had he appeared in the pulpit of St. Mark's, even, and delivered little messages of poetry, philosophy and ethics, preached



the "Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man," no one would have wanted him to die. He could have been popular pastor of most any refined, fastidious congregation; but when he came before the people with a tongue of fire, uncovering the sins of nobility and clergy, with the same terrible language as though they were highwaymen and thieves from the underworld, the wrath of hell broke loose about him.

Savonarola goes down in history as the unsuccessful reformer. His was a lost cause, but the majesty and holy fervour with which he maintained a standard of holiness in one of the most wicked and licentious periods of the world, places him as one of the most spectacular figures in human history. His death was the finish of his cause, but it was the greatest victory since the atonement of Jesus. For Savonarola's death *was* literally an *atonement*, making possible the dawn of a new world. "He was the first," says a writer, "in the fifteenth century to make men feel that a new light had awakened to the human race. He was the prophet of a new civilization, the forerunner of Luther, Bacon and Descartes. Hence, the drama of his life, after his death, became the drama of Europe."

The Benedictine monk of Germany would have had a much bigger, almost an impossible task, but for the entering wedge made by this matchless pioneer of righteousness. The inner court of the Vatican gave a sigh of relief when this tongue of fire was quenched. It was a time of rejoicing like the jubilee after the St. Bartholomew massacre. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." The Roman princess, who came under the wrath of Cicero, caused his severed head to be nailed through his tongue in a public place, and she exclaims—"Now, wag no more." But the message of truth cannot be destroyed. We may kill the voice that uttered it; we may hold high carnival around the gallows of the prophets who gave forth the messages of God, but the salt will never lose its saltiness; the light will never be extinguished. God buries His



workmen but carries on His work. The life and sacrificial death of Savonarola is to truth what Jean Valjean is to fiction. It is the strange, sad drama of life; the benefactor of the race must suffer, must have his Gethsemane, must be martyred, while those who were the beneficiaries stand around and shout with glee in the presence of dying agonies. The blood of martyrdom has never lost its power, and never will.

## VII

### HUSS AND JEROME

WHEN we read of the marvellous achievements of Protestantism in Czecho-Slovakia during recent years, our mind reverts, through the centuries, to a stalwart figure looming high above the darkness of darkest Europe. Five hundred years of priestly rule; five hundred years have the mills of the gods ground slowly; but, today, in spite of the wrath of Rome, the little children may gather about the imposing monument of John Huss on the public square of Prague, with no one to hinder them. When we consider the heroic figures of mediæval times there is one name which shines, in first-magnitude glory, in the galaxy of sacrificial martyrdom—the name of John Huss.

This great character is held in the hearts of his humble countrymen in a much larger sphere than that of a religious reformer. He is regarded as the Father of his country, somewhat in the way we revere the name of George Washington. The significance of this fact lies in that he devoted his life to preaching the doctrines of religious liberty in the early days of the Renaissance; but the truth for which he died stood over against all forms of human slavery. His gospel was the glorious democracy of life, as taught by One whose freedom makes soul, mind and body free indeed. John Huss took no part in political strife; but he was more than a religious reformer, he was a patriot in the affections of his Bohemian countrymen.

The date of his birth is uncertain, but the best authorities say it was about the year 1380 (some give a much earlier date), in the village of Husinecz, Southern Bohemia. He

was given the best educational advantages the times afforded; in the private schools he showed marked ability and became a passionate student of the classics. In 1398, he began his studies looking to the degree of bachelor of divinity at the University of Prague. He attracted attention as a student preacher, and his exemplary life won for him the high regard in which he was held unto the day of his death. Not one charge was ever brought against him of moral delinquency, even by his enemies, who resorted to every subterfuge to destroy his influence.

Early in his religious career, he became an advocate of the English Reformer, John Wyclif, and these doctrines were well received by his people of both high and low estate. In the year 1402, he became the pastor of Bethlehem Chapel, in the city of Prague, where he discharged his ministerial duties with great earnestness, and was greatly loved and honoured by the common people, the students, and also the faculty of the university. He was also given the honour of being chosen confessor to the Queen, which gave him access to the king's court.

No man in all England was so bitterly hated as Wyclif, and that hatred did not stop in England, but ran throughout Europe, and when the priests and monks reported to the Pope that Huss had become a Wyclifite, it was as a red flag to a bull, as it were; all the malicious machinery of Rome became active at once; first, to destroy the writings of the English reformer, and second, to silence the bold preacher of Prague. The Archbishop of Prague saw the doctrines of reformation and revolt growing daily, whereupon, he secured a commission from the Pope, not only to destroy all Wyclif's writings, but to punish those who in any way aided in their propagation. Huss utterly ignored the decree of the Archbishop, and appealed from the sentence of the prelate to the public.

Huss was commanded to appear in person at Rome. This he refused to do, and several powerful noblemen, with the sanction of the king and queen, appeared before the

Archbishop, demanding that he be excused from going to Rome, and asking that he be allowed to continue his ministerial labours, which meant the decree of prohibition be set aside. Three proctors also appeared before Cardinal Colonna, seeking to secure an excuse for Huss, but without success. The Cardinal denounced Huss as a contumacious heretic, deserving death, and he at once pronounced the ban of excommunication upon him and all his associates. Following this high-handed stroke of injustice, Huss retired to his native village, where he continued to preach and write even more vigorously, the doctrines of religious liberty. His books and letters were extensive, and greatly facilitated the spread of his doctrines.

At this time the Pope issued a bull of indulgencies for a crusade against the excommunicated king of Naples, whose kingdom the Pope (John XXIII.) claimed as a papal fief. Against this outrage Huss poured forth his bitter invectives, and with him in this controversy was Jerome of Prague, a companion and co-worker. This brought upon him additional hatred, and he was finally summoned to appear before the council at Constance, and answer the charges of heresy and insubordination. Before going, however, he secured from the king a safe conduct. But in spite of this precaution, he was apprehended and cast into prison. The most powerful nobles in Bohemia interceded in his behalf, but to no avail. He was tried in July, 1415, and the processes of the trial were without regard to equity or justice. Thirty-nine accounts were preferred in the bill of charges; some of them, Huss acknowledged, but most of them he denied *in toto*.

While Huss was in prison, the council condemned the writings of Wyclif, and so intense was the hatred, that by order of this religious(?) council, the body of the English reformer was ordered exhumed and burned, and the order was carried out to the last detail. Every influence possible was brought to bear upon the council, that Huss might not be condemned without a hearing, and in due process of

law; but he was only allowed to hear the bill of indictment, and asked to recant, which he refused to do.

On July 4, 1415, he appeared for the last time before his inquisitors and was given one more chance to abjure; but, as before, he refused. The Bishop of Lodi then preached a sermon suited for the occasion, setting forth the fate of heretics, and as a kind of benediction, at the close, the sentence of death was pronounced upon the victim. Huss received his fate without emotion, and kneeling down, prayed in these words: "May Thy infinite mercy, O my God, pardon this injustice of mine enemies. Thou knowest the injustice of mine accusations; how deformed with crime I have been represented; how I have been opposed with worthless witnesses, and a false condemnation. Yet, O my God, let that mercy of Thine, which no tongue can express, prevail with Thee not to avenge my wrongs."

His impassioned prayer, instead of moving his executioners to pity, inflamed their anger. His priestly garments were roughly removed, and a paper mitre was placed upon his head, on which was painted red devils, and these words: "The ringleader of heretics." This base indignity made no impression on the calm spirit of the martyr; but joy illuminated his countenance, as if thrilled with the prospects of a happy journey. At the close of these degrading ceremonies, Huss was formally delivered to the civil authorities. Just before his execution, his books and writings were burned in front of the church of Constance, and then he was led to the outskirts of the city to a place prepared for his burning. When the chains were put about him, and fastened to the stake, he smiled and lifted his eyes to heaven and spoke: "Oh, Jesus, my Lord, Thou wast bound with a harder chain than this one, and why should I be ashamed to be bound with this rusty one."

Before the torch was applied, the Duke of Bavaria, who was master of ceremonies, asked him to recant and live. "No," he replied with a touch of scorn, "I never preached any doctrine of evil, and what I taught with my lips, I now



seal with my blood." They applied the torch, and when the flames leaped about the dying saint, he sang in a loud, cheerful voice, his favourite hymn, until his voice was smothered. Those near by caught his dying words: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." His head sank upon his breast, and John Huss was no more; yet, being dead, he speaketh through the centuries.

We feel that this sketch would not be finished without a brief mention of Jerome of Prague, a devoted friend and companion of Huss. He was a distinguished graduate of the University of Prague, and studied in several European seminaries, such as Oxford, Paris, Heidelberg, and Cologne. After his extensive studies abroad, he returned to Prague. He had mastered the English language, and as soon as he arrived at home announced himself an apostle of John Wyclif, and at once began the translation of the English reformer's writings into the language of his people.

Three months before the death of Huss, Jerome came to Constance, and as soon as it was known that he was in the city, efforts were made to arrest him. He conferred with friends, and when he found out there was nothing he could do to help his companion, he withdrew from Constance, and started for Bohemia, after securing a passport signed by influential noblemen. But he did not escape. An officer, under direction of the Duke of Salzburg, arrested him at a town called Hirsaw. Jerome was now in the power of the great duke, who had reported his capture to the Pope. Salzburg was highly commended for his success in arresting the second best known and worst hated man in all the country. Jerome was bound in chains, and placed in the most loathsome dungeon. After three hundred and forty days of such confinement, he was brought before the council and charged as follows: 1. He derided papal dignity. 2. He opposed the Pope. 3. He was an enemy of the cardinals. 4. He was a hater of the holy religion. 5. He was a persecutor of prelates.

He was condemned after the same manner as his friend,

and with about the same show of justice. All the ceremonies were carried out in the same manner, as with Huss—the paper mitre, and the red devils, and then deliverance to the authorities. Jerome exclaimed, when they put the mock mitre on his head: “Our Lord Jesus Christ, when He suffered death for me, a miserable sinner, did wear a crown of thorns upon His head, and for His sake I will wear this cap.” Two days were allowed for him to recant his doctrines, but this he refused with vehemence. He was led to the same spot where his beloved friend had been burned. The executioners started to light the fagots behind the prisoner, but he commanded them to allow him to see the flames as they reached up to take his life. As the fire came up around him, he exclaimed: “This soul in flames, I offer to Thee, O Christ.”

Thus, on the same spot, were martyred two of the most remarkable men of the century. Their death did for that country what Latimer said would be done in England: a torch was lighted, which never went out. Such sacrificial martyrdom ought to arouse the spineless faith of today, and help us to appreciate that our Gospel is a Gospel of blood, and life in Christ Jesus, has ever been a pathway to death.

The Church of the twentieth century, with its pleasure-crazed membership, giving of its vast resources only a pittance, should hang its head in shame when we remember the supreme price of our heritage. “Be thou faithful unto death,” exhorted the Seer of Patmos, speaking for the Spirit, and that is exactly what it meant. There is no sacrifice, no self-denial, no humiliation in the Church today. It has become a great tree filling all the earth, and the fowls of the heavens are roosting in its branches. We need to sit with those heroic martyrs—through the silence of the centuries, and catch something of their spirit.

## VIII

### JOAN OF ARC

**H**ISTORY has been emblazoned by the heroic deeds of women; and they have not been confined to any one nationality: Greek, Roman, and Jewish have shared alike in this regard. Mediæval and modern times have furnished their quota of heroines who have been transfigured in glorious struggle for love, patriotism, or faith. Those noble impulses that have brought out the highest qualities of men, have influenced, likewise, many of the fairer and weaker sex. We note, however, that all the great women of the past—from Jewish Deborah down through the centuries to English Florence Nightingale—have belonged to the nobility, or the higher privileged classes. There is one exception to this rule in the person of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, whose glorious zeal and faith shine forth in marvellous splendour, than whom there is no greater. Women have given to the world some of its best literature; women have held the sceptre of great empires, and destroyed kingdoms; but the little peasant child of France is perhaps the best known and loved, and held in the greatest reverence of any woman in history, with the exception of the Jewish virgin chosen as the handmaiden of the Lord.

Joan of Arc was born in the days of feudalism and knighthood. The children of the poor were passed by unnoticed, as so much chattel; they knew only service, oppression, loyalty and suffering. Therefore, we find no contributing circumstances, nor cause and effect processes, in the appearing of this remarkable girl. She belonged to the humblest class of peasants, living in the fastnesses of the

Vosges Mountains, on the borders of Lorraine. Removed from all opportunities of learning, she could neither read nor write. Her birthplace was in the little village of Domremy on the Meuse. All she knew of the great outside world was an occasional royal hunting-party passing by into the wild forests surrounding that locality. That particular section had suffered much cruelty from the feudal wars that had been waged almost continually between the powerful families who held control during the Middle Ages.

Joan was the third daughter of a poor labourer, and her home duties, taught by her mother, were spinning and sewing. All of her time not spent in home duties, she went about doing good, strangely unlike other normal girls of her age. She cared for the sick and spent many hours in devotion in the little village church. She was but a child in years, but developed beyond her age—strong, healthy, and beautiful in face and form. Notwithstanding her illiteracy, a strange poetic, though superstitious, nature shone in her personality; but piety and devotion were the most pronounced characteristics of this child living in the most pronounced obscurity.

There was a legend in and about Domremy, founded on a prophecy of some old sage, that out of the marshes of Lorraine would come a maid who would deliver the country in some great crisis. At the age of thirteen, Joan saw visions and heard celestial voices, bidding her be true and virtuous. Believing that the acme of sainthood was to be found in virginity, she made this vow very young, but told no one. Historians have not been able to explain away, either by logic or ridicule, the visions and voices which this young peasant-girl claimed to have seen and heard. The marvellous achievements she accomplished coincide with those supernatural revelations. She said the Archangel Michael appeared unto her in glory; also many of the saints, and spoke words of encouragement to her.

France was torn into shreds from the incessant wars with England. Edward I. claimed the throne of France; the



country was impoverished and miserable; the man-power was depleted. The fortunes of war had swung from one side to the other, but always with odds in favour of England. Charles VI., a lad of fifteen, at the death of an insane father, had declared himself king of France; but this claim was not acknowledged except by a small section in the southern part of the country. War was being pushed by the powerful Duke of Bedford, and it looked as if the entire country would soon pass into the hands of Henry VI. of England, who succeeded Edward I. Charles, the Dauphin, tried to rule and live in royal splendour; but his affairs were in a bad plight, sometimes scarce of the actual necessities of life. The Duke of Bedford planned a campaign to capture Orleans, which was the key to all the southern portion of the country. The fall of Orleans seemed inevitable; great alarm was felt among the high and low at this critical time.

At this trying juncture, Joan of Arc appeared—it was 1429—she being, then, but thirteen years old. Though uneducated, she knew the peril of her country, and with a pure faith and confidence in God, in obedience to her “heavenly vision,” she made herself and her requests known. She knew no war; had seen no great men. The assumptions and presumptions of this poor, unsophisticated girl were absurd in the extreme.

Finally, she gained audience with the governor—for her humble people of Domremy believed in her—and helped to press her claim; but this dignitary laughed at her, ordered her sent home and whipped. This did not discourage her in the least; the “voices and visions” continued. So urgent and honest were her appeals, that her case was at last reported to the king. Before this, however, the Duke of Lorraine sent for her, furnished her equipment, and allowed her to visit the king with an escort of four armed men. The journey was made in great peril and hardship, travelling day and night for twelve days. When she arrived at Chinon, the headquarters of the king, she was not allowed to see him. Her presence and claims were a huge joke with all the un-



derlings of the court, both of the nobility and clergy. The Church dignitaries to a man were against her. "Why waste time," they raved, "with a mad girl; if she is not mad, she is possessed of the devil and ought to be put in prison."

The women of the court took a different attitude and finally secured for her a meeting with the king. This modest girl was in no way awed by the rich display of an earthly court—the first she had seen; but she had gazed upon other glorious scenes far superior to that. The poise and confidence of this ignorant girl, in such a presence, created a profound impression. These words passed from her lips in sublime modesty: "I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to save France." She demanded an army at once; there was a sent-of-God command in her tone that astonished every one; yet the king hesitated. Monks were sent to her home town to look up her moral standing; much time was lost; Orleans was at the surrender. With all the arguments and objections, Joan stood her ground without a tremor.

The long story of quibble and objections ended in the Maid getting what she wanted. Dressed in white, but in full battle regalia, mounted upon a black charger, she headed the army, and gave battle to the besiegers of Orleans. Her leadership and absolute self-poise, as she directed the attack, is one of the most spectacular dramas of all history. Officers growled and cursed under breath; but they were ordered to obey her every command. The English were confused and routed, to their dismay and disgust. The momentum of her power and leadership grew by leaps and bounds; the English learned about it, and their superstition added to their humiliation. A strange fear took possession of the enemy. At every advance movement and command Joan was opposed by superior officers; yet with full authority she pressed on. Twice she was wounded, yet she seemed as insensible to pain as of fear.

After three months of discouragement and hindrance, within and without, she led the army to an overwhelming victory, and cleared her land of the English; she accom-

plished this, it seems, by the power of her sanctified personality, for the king was weak and frightened. Priests, bishops, and officers hated her with a murderous envy. But at last, she escorted Charles the Dauphin to Rheims, where he was crowned king. Then in humble reverence she bowed before him, saying: "Beloved king, now is the will of God accomplished." She gave to France her rightful ruler; she gave to the Dauphin a throne. She most earnestly requested then to be allowed to return to her mountain home, asking no reward, no honours, except that her people be exempt from taxes. Had she followed her own good judgment, how different the ending of this sad story. She was too great a find; she must now be capitalized and used for greater victories. Much against her will, she again took her place at the head of the army; but the tides of war turned, and she won no more victories. She was wounded again, but heroically pressed on, and was finally captured and imprisoned by a vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, who was secretly an ally of England.

The news of her capture was an occasion for great rejoicing. *Te Deums* were sung, and there was a universal demand that she be delivered to the Church for trial. Her captors sold her to the Duke of Bedford for 16,000 francs. The leaders of her own people were consumed with jealousy, and those of the enemy were chagrined that a little country Maid could cause their defeat. The most amazing outrage in all history was the utter indifference on the part of her own people, and even the king, for whom she had done so much. Not one step was taken by any one to secure her release. Alone and friendless, taunted by arrogant officers, she suffered the torments of the damned. For weeks every trick and scheme possible were used to trap her in her testimony. In the presence of her inhuman tormentors she remained calm, and not for one moment did she lose her mental balance.

She was charged on seventy counts, flimsy and false; among them, heresy, blasphemy, witchcraft, being possessed

of the devil, wearing men's apparel. She was taken to Rouen Castle, placed in an iron cage, and chained to the floor. She was finally brought before judges who were determined on her destruction. The superior judge was the Bishop of Beauvois, who was one of the number she had driven from the city. After a series of insulting questions she was allowed to return to her cell for her last devotions and for the sacrament. Then she was taken to the market-place, guarded by eight hundred soldiers, where the chain and stake were prepared. They set fire to the fagots, and while the flames encircled her body, she exclaimed: "Jesus, Jesus! My voices, my voices! "

Thus was sacrificed one of the purest, truest and most saintly women in all history. The whole procedure was one of the most diabolical since the mock-trial and crucifixion of Jesus. Joan died, the victim of envy and jealousy. There is no cruelty, or hypocrisy this side of hell more determined than that which is directed against one who can accomplish things the persecutors cannot. This same spirit can be seen even in Protestant circles; a victim would not be treated as was the Maid of Orleans; but the spirit remains the same. The material welfare of no one is safe, if the victim happens to be in the way of those who have power to act; this is just as true in a church body, as in politics, or business. It does not matter about faithfulness, success, and loyalty; these are all discounted and set at naught just as were the victories of Joan of Arc. The spirit that burned the Maid of Orleans—little mediocrity in places of authority—has been the curse of the world's best interests, and in no place has it operated more balefully than in the Church of God.

Later, the Pope ordered an investigation of her trial and execution, and it was discovered, and established, that every charge was founded upon falsehood and envy. Her sacrifice, so cruel and unreasonable, made an impression on the world second to none since the tragedy of Calvary. She became the patron saint of her humble countrymen; a great

celebration is held annually in honour of her memory. A stone cross was reared for her; her brothers were created noblemen, and granted riches. The Duchess of Orleans, daughter-in-law of Louis Philippe, modelled with her own hands an exquisite statue of the Maid of Orleans. In 1856, one of the most elaborate celebrations ever seen in southern France, was held. The Bishop of Dupanloup delivered one of the most wonderful eulogies ever spoken to the memory of any hero or heroine—all for the little Maid from the mountains of the Vosges.

The trial and execution of Joan of Arc was the crowning stroke of human hate and injustice, not surpassed in all of "man's inhumanity to man." "Never," says one writer, "did a martyr perish with more triumph and trust in God, whose aid she had no uniformly invoked; and it was this triumphant Christian faith as she ascended the funeral pyre which has consecrated the visions and voices under whose inspiration the Maid led a despairing nation to victory and a glorious future."

Joan of Arc is, today, one of the listed saints of Rome. We do not forget that it was Rome which chained this innocent, saintly character to the burning stake. It is a scathing, unanswerable indictment against this Church, with her supreme claims, that she is guilty of having martyred one of her holiest characters. It was this same Church that hanged Savonarola, one of the purest men that ever donned the garb of the Roman priesthood. Yet Rome never changes—never makes any mistakes—is the infallible mouthpiece of God on earth, binding and loosing here for time and eternity. Oh, the blasphemy of it all! As Father Chiniquy says, in his *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome*, "That organization is not a Church at all, but a vile impostor, a pagan apostasy, a politico-religious delusion for world supremacy." The burning of Joan of Arc, the hanging of Savonarola, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, together with hundreds of similar misdeeds, furnish good proof that Father Chiniquy was right.

Joan of Arc still lives, not only in the sainthood archives of the Church that lighted the fagots at her feet, and watched her body writhe in flames. She is still a heroine enshrined in the literature and affections of all the world. Her life and service was an exemplification of what the Master said: "He has hid these things from the wise and revealed them unto babes."



## IX

### MARTIN LUTHER

**A**N artist once sketched the Renaissance and the Reformation depicting the sources of influence and power that made contribution to their success. It was a remarkable assembly of men, never excelled, perhaps, in all history. It was arranged as a human pyramid; there were artists, sculptors, architects, poets, authors, preachers, scientists and scholars reaching to an apex; Michael Angelo, the painter and sculptor; Raphael, the master of colour; Columbus, the dreamer; Galileo, the astronomer; Dante, the poet; Facieno, the teacher; Bramante, the architect; Banbo, the essayist; Savonarola, the Florentine reformer; Erasmus, the scholar; Wyclif and Tyndal, the translators of the Scriptures: but the apex of the human pyramid, standing like a Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour, was Martin Luther, the Saxon reformer, with the Bible held high above all, like a torch of light.

This scene is *multum in parvo*. The Renaissance, with its art, literature and learning, gave to the world a new birth of ideals and taught it the power and possibilities of intellectual freedom. When men were re-born, as it were, touching the right to think, of this new birth—the right of religious freedom. Martin Luther would have been a great man in any age; his brain and learning, backed by a stalwart personality, would have accorded to him leadership in the English Parliament, the United States Congress, or a World Federation of Churches. But the Reformation, staged on such a spectacular scale, and with a success that turned not only the religious history into new channels, but the political history of the world as well,

could not have been possible, except for its forerunner, the Renaissance.

It was a wonderful age; a revival of classic learning, literature, art, and sculpture. Yet parallel with these æsthetic triumphs, was the most dissolute and morally corrupt age, both in Church and State, known in all history, not excepting the worst period of pagan Rome. Popes, bishops, and priests were, often, ignorant, drunken libertines. Indulgencies for sins were canvassed and sold to the people, high and low, throughout Europe—and by the authority of the Pöpe. The ideals of a spiritual kingdom were lost in a sordid ambition for a material kingdom. The dogmas of Papacy, which reached the zenith through Hildebrand (Gregory VII.), gave the Pope headship over both Church and state, with power to bind and loose in earth and heaven. Such a situation was the leverage, whereby the Church degenerated, society rotted, and politics became a program of rapine and murder.

Martin Luther was born November 10, 1483, of humble parentage, in the mining village of Eisleben. Shortly after his birth, the family moved to Mansfeld. It was here the boy received some hard training and bitter experiences; but harsh as was the almost daily flogging by the father, and no less often the scholastic rod on the part of the schoolmaster, they served to put courage into the lad's soul, and nerves of tempered steel into the man later in life. We can scarcely believe the record which says that he received as many as fifteen whippings in one day. His mother was a woman of deep piety, and historians say of her, she was *exemplar vittutum*. From her the son inherited tendencies for deeper spiritual things. Young Luther finished his academic training at Madgeburg and Eisenach.

For some reason the utter loss of religious conscience did not obtain in Germany to the same degree as it did in Italy; the stolid temperament played a part in this difference. The corruptions were in the Church, but generally confined to the higher circles of society. Luther was devout from

childhood, and sang, from door to door, as a lad, the folk-songs which were mingled with hymns. It was this religious note in his music which attracted the attention of a good lady, who gave him a home and financial assistance in securing an education. He entered the University of Erfurt in his later teens, and soon distinguished himself in scholarship and piety, but with a professional career in view. From this institution he received his degree of doctor of philosophy, in 1505. All the tiresome ritualism young Luther observed with hearty approval—fasting, prayers, and singing in the choir—but they did not satisfy the cry in his soul. Whereupon, he withdrew from his fellow-students, entered an Augustinian monastery, where he spent three years, and was finally ordained a Benedictine monk. The following year he went to Wittenberg.

He followed the beaten paths faithfully, like Savonarola and Francis; but for him the external pomp and show failed to give soul satisfaction. He was endowed by nature different from his predecessors. The monastery had many attractions; it gave him time for meditation, and access to the only libraries of that age. Luther punished himself in all the popular ways of the monastery, believing that heaven could only be gained by practicing and doing such things in the form of penance. He came near settling into a life of sham and hypocrisy, and he loathed the veneer; he knew it must be that, or fanaticism, and to this, his sane, well-balanced mind could not adhere.

Before Luther was thirty years of age, he was given the Chair of Divinity at the new University of Wittenberg, founded and endowed by the Elector of Saxony. It was here the great career of Martin Luther began; his was a jovial temperament, and his sunny disposition gained for him marked popularity with the students. He also became a preacher of unusual ability, and his fame spread with an ever-widening circle from day to day. He devoted much of his time in the study of theology, and in 1509 received his degree of Doctor of Theology. His bold, outspoken

denunciation of the many growing evils, especially selling of indulgencies, soon attracted the attention of the leaders of both Church and state.

Luther was a good Catholic and remained true to the dogmas of Rome, although he despised her abuses. In 1511, Luther was sent on a mission to Rome, and it was this journey which brought him to the parting of the ways—from an “ardent papist,” as he called himself, to the most understanding reformer of all history. At no time had the hunger in his soul been satisfied, and the prospective trip to the Holy City was a great boon to the young priest. Rome was, and is yet, the Mecca of all Catholicism, and the heart-hungry pilgrims for centuries have believed that crawling up the marble steps of St. Peter’s would bring peace to the burdened soul. Catholic patrons of that age, steeped in a superstition equal to anything in paganism, was not unlike bathing in the Ganges by the benighted people of India. Luther tried it, of course, but halfway up the flight of steps, he received a sunburst of holy revelation: “The just shall live by faith.”

That was the end of Luther’s Catholicism; the sham, the hypocrisy, and the fraud of the whole institution flashed in upon his indignant soul. The mission to Rome was never finished, and the Benedictine monk returned to Wittenberg, threw off his religious paraphernalia, and stepped out into the world’s arena, a *man*. His first move was to nail his theses on the church door at Wittenberg, giving ninety-five reasons against selling indulgencies, and denying any power to the Pope, or priest, to forgive sins. Moreover, he announced that he was ready to defend his theses against all opposition. Germany got the sensational shock of her history. News of the learned doctor’s assault on usages and traditions more than a thousand years old, ran like fire through dry stubble, gathering volume and momentum daily. Savonarola dealt with external sins; Luther sent the rapier of his logic into the centre of the pustule; his scalpel ignored the skin ulcers, and was used to reach the internal

and constitutional disorder. He became the most talked-of man in Europe, for the magazine he touched off, was not confined to Germany.

The printing-press sent his theses on the wings of the wind to the four corners of the earth. At first, the people regarded the Friar Martin movement of little importance; but the tide rose higher and higher each day. Luther met the famous Dr. Eck at Leipsic, but the debate reached no definite results, both sides claiming the victory. Excitement reached white heat; Luther was summoned to Rome, but his friends prevented his going, as they knew he would never return alive.

In all the storm and turmoil, the people took sides with the reformer; many high up in authority, who had chafed under the continuous sapping of resources for Rome's various projects, welcomed the bold leadership of one who openly denounced and defied her authority. Such a thing had never been done before; others had assailed the abuses, but Luther planted his dynamic truths under the very foundation, and lighted the fuse.

About this time Luther published his book, *The Babylonish Captivity of the Church*; a terrific indictment of the whole papal system. Through the influence of Dr. Eck, the Pope issued a bull against the reformer; but this document was publicly burned in the presence of a great throng of people, which included many professional men and students at Wittenberg. So great was the indignation of the people, that the Pope's great ally, Dr. Eck, fled from Germany for safety. Luther was the hero of the hour, and the idol of the German people.

Charles V. was Emperor of Germany, and the servile dupe of the Pope. Charles assembled the first Diet of Worms with two objectives: viz., the destruction of Luther's books, and the bringing of the reformer to judgment. This was exactly what Luther wanted: an opportunity to deliver his message before the dignitaries of both Church and state. This gathering was the climax of the Reformation,



and the zenith of Martin Luther's career. Enemies threatened his life; his friends were deeply concerned, and urged him not to attend the Diet. But nothing could stop him; he feared no man, and the urge of God's Spirit was upon him. To their appeals he answered with the famous words, which have been quoted oftener than anything else in connection with his remarkable life: "I am determined to enter Worms," he declared, "although as many devils set on me, as there are tiles on the housetops." It was his hour of triumph; he faced the Emperor, the Papal emissaries, bishops, priests, and all the intellectual personnel of Germany, for and against him, and mounted the highest pedestal of fame. His eloquence, his logic, his voice of thunder, his burning sarcasm delivered before such an assembly, is one of the most dramatic scenes in all history.

It was the victorious hour for the man and his cause. His defense was like that of Patrick Henry—a series of climaxes; but it was the final words, like those of the famous American patriot, which sealed the doom of Rome in Central Germany, as those of Patrick Henry sealed the fate of British rule in this country. "Unless I am convinced by Scripture and reason," he declared, "I neither can, nor dare retract anything; for my conscience is a captive to the Word of God, and it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. There I take my stand. I can do no otherwise. So help me God. Amen."

After his return from Worms, the Elector of Saxony, his friend, secreted him in the old castle of Wartburg for safety until the storm subsided. It was while in seclusion, that Luther did his most constructive work. He translated the Bible into the German language, and it remains the Bible of the German people to this day.

Martin Luther was a storm-centre; it could not have been otherwise. All the powers of hell were turned upon him. His enemies greatly rejoiced when he renounced celibacy and married Katherine Von Bora; they even charged that

his desire for a wife was greater than his zeal for reform. A bitter controversy arose between him and Erasmus, his one-time devoted friend, which worked no good for the cause. In his home-city, Wittenberg, there arose schisms and dissensions which required his return and presence to settle. We must not forget the human element in all great men; every man of power and genius must fight battles the world never knows about. Depression lurked sometimes in the soul of the Master: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful," He declared, "even unto death."

Luther had his times of bitter doubt; the devils were very personal with him; they appeared unto him in person, or else the mind of the great reformer was so heightened by the presence of "wicked spirits," that the eyes of the soul saw them, and he actually threw ink-bottles at the imps. But here are his own words, after his battles had been fought and won: *Satan semper nihi dixit falsum dogma*. "Satan often says to me: What if, after all, your doctrines are false?" Think of it! The subtle, creeping imp of doubt pushing into the very citadel of his soul, the suggestion that, maybe, his whole life-work was a delusion!

Two years after his marriage, Luther fell into a depressing illness, from which he recovered only at times; and when the cause of Protestantism was threatened, he rose from the sick-bed with superhuman energy. But he was fortunate in having strong, capable friends. In counsel with Melancthon, the "Creed of Augsburg" was perfected, which gave doctrinal stability to the Reformation. There were three great outstanding truths which were launched, defended, and sustained by Martin Luther, and they are the very life-blood of religious liberty: Justification by Faith, Supremacy of the Scriptures, and the Right of Private Judgment.

Amid all the strife and conflict, hatred and malice,, storm and turmoil, Luther found time to pray several hours a day, and also to be a voluminous writer of books, liturgies,

creeds, hymns, and letters. A truly wonderful man! All civilization should rejoice that such as he once lived. The name of Martin Luther in religious history is like the heroine in the romance; it is vital, foundational. The creeds of all Protestantism unite in honouring this stalwart character. It is amusing to note what the catechism of Rome has to say about him. The question is asked:

“Who was Martin Luther?” Answer:

“He was an apostate Benedictine monk, who died from a life of dissipation and immorality.”

Think of it: Catholic children are taught such blasphemy about one of the world's greatest heroes since Paul stood before Agrippa, defending his faith. The above is just about all the children of Rome are allowed to know of him who, in the face of both Church and state, sounded the death-knell to religious bigotry and cruelty.

“Stop the babbler's mouth with gold,” instructed the Pope to those who reported on the big stir in Germany; but the babbler was immune to the voice of gold. All civilization owes a debt to this great scholar—this diamond in the rough, this leader among men. Martin Luther lived in the superlative degree; he was cast in a mould of which history finds no duplicate. Twentieth century Christianity needs, as never before, a Martin Luther.

The last sixteen years of his life were spent in the quiet of his home, and the burden of the Reformation was transferred to Melancthon. He died in great triumph, February 18, 1546, at Eisleben, the village of his birth.

## X

### THOMAS CRANMER

THE history of the Middle Ages centres around the doings of popes and ecclesiastical activities as related to kingdoms; the story of Protestant Christianity cannot be understood aside from a study of the revolutions growing out of the Reformation. The passion for religious liberty is close akin to that of political freedom. Liberty of thought brought on the Renaissance; liberty of faith, the Reformation, and when the mind and spirit are set free, the political shackles will soon be struck off. These tremendous human upheavals had been in process for more than a century, challenging the social, political, and religious leaders with volcanic force. Every country in Europe had felt the revolt against political and religious tyranny.

The Reformation in England had been moving slowly. The English are a people who were never known to fly off at impulsive tangents. The great work began with Wyclif and came to a crisis under Henry VIII., an unscrupulous, heartless monarch, a man devoid of religious principles, and was himself never free from the tentacles of Rome. He observed mass and made confessions until his death. But Henry wanted a divorce from Katherine, and the Pope refused to grant it, and so the king, indorsed by Parliament, became a law unto himself, and that was the beginning of the Church of England. All the powers that hitherto had been vested in the Pope, were transferred to the Crown.

In these stirring times the one man who figured above all others—not with spectacular ado, but quietly, and with consummate skill—was Thomas Cranmer, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury. In many ways he is not

to be compared with Luther or Calvin; he was not a great preacher, but he was a diplomat, a statesman, and a Protestant in every fibre of his being.

Thomas Cranmer was born in Nottinghamshire, July 2, 1489; he belonged to one of the oldest Norman families, with an ancestry reaching back to the days of William the Conqueror. At the age of fourteen he entered Jesus' College, Cambridge, where he received a fellowship in 1510. His major studies were languages and the Holy Scriptures. He became an ardent student of the Bible and all sacred literature, especially the writings of Luther and Erasmus, and was greatly interested in their interpretation of God's Word. At the age of twenty-three he married, and had, therefore, to give up his fellowship; but his wife lived only a few months and the college restored the fellowship. He received his degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1523, and was at once appointed to lecture in theology.

In 1528 a terrible epidemic, known as the sweating sickness, broke out at the University, and Cranmer, with a few students, retired to the Waltham abbey. At this time Henry VIII. was seeking a divorce from Katherine, and was greatly exercised over the matter, as the Pope had defied him. The king, in company with some of his court allies, happened to be in that neighbourhood, and a suggestion from Cranmer, touching the proposition, reached the ears of his majesty. This statement of Cranmer's was, that the question should be settled according to the Bible, and this greatly pleased the king. "By the holy saints," he exclaimed, "that man hath the right sow by the ear." This marked the turning-point in the life of Cranmer. Henry appointed him as a special agent to visit the universities of England and the Continent, further to look into the matter; he was also sent to Rome, but this journey proved a failure.

While in Germany, Cranmer married again, his wife being the daughter of a clergyman. About this time, Archbishop Warham died, and Cranmer was recalled to fill the vacant see of Canterbury. The position gave him new



powers and influence, so that Henry's divorce was secured; and Cranmer officiated at the wedding of the king and Anne Boleyn, in May, 1538. This union did not prove successful, as a great scandal followed the affair. Later, the Archbishop manipulated another union with Henry and Anne of Cleves, a woman lacking charm and attraction, and as a result, Cranmer and others associated with him in the matter earned the ill-will of the king. This was the beginning of the end of two of the most powerful men in England—Cranmer and Thomas Cromwell, whom we shall come to, later. It remains a mystery as to how Cranmer succeeded in saving his head, and palliating the king's wrath; it certainly could not have been accomplished but for the exercise of his great tact and pliability of character. He was able to sustain himself in the very centre of adverse currents and keep to himself his own deeper convictions. There can be no doubt, however, but that Cranmer's influence with the king lay in his approval and support in the revolt against the Pope, and the able advice he was able to give the king, as the Papacy sought continually to regain its lost power in England.

On the death of Henry VIII., Cranmer was appointed one of the regents of the kingdom, and at this period, covered by the short reign of Edward VI., the cause of Protestantism was greatly promoted and strengthened. Edward did *not* elevate Cranmer to Canterbury. He was already Archbishop when Edward came to the throne. It was Cranmer who compiled and composed the "Service Book," and the Articles of Religion, known as the "Thirty-nine Articles." The great Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America owe more to Thomas Cranmer than to any other man. Both its ritual and creed remain, today, just about as they left the hand of the great, silent, careful reformer of England. Nor was this all: through his quiet labours, a new translation of the Bible was given to the people, together with printed regulations for ecclesiastical courts. When we think of the somewhat

vacillating character of the man, we marvel at the important and constructive things he accomplished. Such stern, iron-blooded men as Luther and Savonarola could not have appeased the whims and the wrath of a human monster of vanity and lust, such as Henry VIII.; but Cranmer, it would seem, was raised up to meet just such a situation.

We must now make a literary detour, as it were, for the story of the English Reformation cannot be fully told, if the name of Thomas Cromwell be omitted. It was he, rather than Cranmer, who executed the drastic orders which redeemed the land from the clutches of the vilest régime of religious parasites that ever cursed a country. We know very little of Cromwell, except that he was born of humble parentage, and was at first, a private soldier, then a clerk in a mercantile house in Antwerp. From this position he rose to become a wool-merchant, and finally entered Parliament. At this time Thomas Wolsey was prime minister, and Cromwell was selected by the king to suppress the smaller monasteries. The vice, graft and thievery of the English monasteries smelled to heaven. Several efforts had been made to reform them, but had failed. The monks were lazy, licentious, and drunken. "They bitterly opposed the circulation of the Scriptures; they were peddlers of indulgencies and relics; impostors, frauds, vagabonds, gluttons, worldly, sensual, and avaricious." But they did not forget to look diligently after the interests of the Pope—their master. Henry appointed Cromwell Vicar-General, and he found that the half had not been told. Two-thirds of the monks—there were thousands of them—were living in adultery, and some of the abbeyes had more women in them than would have been allowed in a Persian harem or a Turkish seraglio.

After the fall of Wolsey, Cromwell was made secretary to the House of Commons, and when he advised Henry to declare himself head of the English Church, his fortune was made. This meant that England was free from papal authority. Thus began one of the most remarkable chap-

ters in the history of the Reformation. Cromwell was the greatest power in the land; there was not a great function of Church or state over which he did not preside and direct. Just how far Cromwell was Protestant cannot be known; he was a devoted minister of an absolute monarch, and with the approval of the king, was bent on sweeping from the land those abuses that had long been a curse. Armed with full authority, Cromwell began a wholesale confiscation of the monasteries; he also caused certain laws granting large privileges to the clergy to be repealed. These drastic measures were not in the strict sense religious; but they uprooted crying abuses, and made possible the permanent reforms which were to become part of English life in the subsequent reign of Elizabeth.

Cromwell rendered great service, but he did not last long, because of his being a party to the marriage of Henry with Anne of Cleves, referred to above. This princess was unable to speak a word of English, and without physical attractions; the king's disappointment was bitter, and his vengeance knew no bounds. Through this alliance Cromwell had hoped to strengthen the Protestant cause; but it gave the Duke of Norfolk, the leader of the Catholic party, the chance for which he had long waited. Norfolk charged Cromwell with treason at the council table, and Henry was also set on punishing him for the blunder of the Flanders marriage.

Cromwell was sent to the Tower, denied even the formal right of trial, and, at a stroke, had all the machinery of Church and state turned against him. Only one voice in the realm was raised in his defense, that of Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, but it was unable to render him any assistance. Eighteen days after his arrest, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Knight of the Garter, Grand Chamberlain, Lord Privy Seal, Vicar-General and Master of Wards, ascended the scaffold and, committing his soul to Jesus Christ, died without a word of protestation.

The death of Cromwell was a severe blow to Cranmer;

but he continued to prosecute the work of reformation with new and continued zeal. When Henry died, Cranmer's power and authority were supreme, and had young Edward lived, there would have been a different story to record. The Protestant cause made rapid strides during this short reign, and Edward's untimely death, in 1553, was mourned by Protestants throughout Christendom. But when Mary, Henry's eldest daughter, became queen, the believers in a free Bible and religious liberty had cause to mourn, indeed.

Cranmer was at once arrested and committed to a dungeon, his death sentence being pronounced at Rome, before he was tried, Mary secretly (and naturally) hated Cranmer for the part he had taken in the divorcing of Katherine, her mother, and the Archbishop's death was due more to Mary's revenge than to Protestant heresy. For three years Cranmer was degraded in every possible manner; his garments of dignity were removed, and rags placed upon him. This he endured, without a murmur. Then his enemies sought another method: he was taken to the Dean's house in Christ's Church, Oxford, and surrounded with every courtesy and reverence. The contrast was so great that the extremely feeble old man was taken off his guard. It was promised him that, if he recanted, he would be restored to his Archbishopric, and to the favour of the queen. His enemies knew his death sentence had been already decided on by the Council, and for sheer amusement, and other sinister motives, which we shall come to, later, took advantage of his physical weakness.

A document of recantation was presented to him which dealt only with generalities, and this he signed; then five others purporting to explain the first were given him to sign, each stronger than the one preceding. This was done until, finally, he subscribed to all the dogmas of Rome, and renounced the tenets of the Reformation. This is one of the most pathetic pictures in all history.

Rome had triumphed. The recantation was printed and



scattered all over Europe. Protestants were grieved and humiliated, Catholics everywhere rejoicing. But Mary would not be satisfied with anything less than the death of Cranmer. He was brought into St. Mary's, Oxford, and Dr. Cole appointed to preach the sermon of denouncement. The church was crowded; rags of degradation were set on the old man, and a rude altar fixed for him. The sermon was a recital of the crimes of the great heretic, of his acts of treason, and of how the power of God was manifested in his conversion to the true faith. During the sermon Cranmer wept bitterly, and at its close there occurred one of the most dramatic scenes in Church history, as the one previously described had been the most pathetic.

Cranmer was given a last chance to speak and, as was thought, an opportunity to ask for masses, for the repose of his soul. He rose and exhorted his hearers to holy living, and then, metaphorically, exploded a bombshell in their hearing. Instead of doing as was expected, Cranmer renounced all his signed documents of recantation as false, and denounced the Pope as Antichrist, and all the dogmas of Rome as falsehood and lies. He held up his right hand with which he had signed the recantations, and exclaimed: "This hand hath committed a great sin, and shall suffer first, in the flames." He endeavoured to speak further, but the clamour of the crowd drowned his voice. He was hurried to the stake, but before the flames had reached his body, the aged saint thrust his right hand downward into them, and held it there until it was burned to a crisp, crying as he did so: "Oh, this unworthy right hand!" As the smoke and flames enswathed his body, those nearest him caught his last words—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Thus died Thomas Cranmer, the Father of English Protestantism.



## XI

### JOHN CALVIN

**O**F all the illustrious names that projected themselves on the intellectual minds of the sixteenth century, and made an impression as indelible as the cycles of time, none was superior to that of John Calvin. The man stands out as one of the unfathomable enigmas of history, and that from almost every angle of his remarkable personality. A theologian, than whom there has been no greater; a logician who drove his reasoning into a universal fatalism; a scholar ranking among the best of his generation.

The theological scholasticism of the twentieth century, almost without exception, agree that Calvin's major premise was wrong, but all admit that he succeeded in fastening his interpretation of the Bible, not only on the Reformation touching his own country, but as it affected England, Holland, Switzerland, and, in some measure, Germany. He did this in his own day, but his influence did not die with him, seeing that his doctrines remain the creeds of several great denominations, even after three hundred years. These doctrines, in the main, are no longer preached; but, so adamant were their theological foundations that, among the groups of Calvin's followers, none has had the courage to eliminate them. A great American scholar and university president once said, that he would engage in a theological war, before he would suffer one proposition of the Westminster Confession to be altered or touched.

The name of John Calvin is contemporaneous with every generation since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Every seminary, regardless of denomination, must reckon

with Calvinism. Theological students, for three centuries, have been following him through the labyrinth of his astute thinking. When we get a proper perspective of the man, through the vista of the centuries, he blazes as a star of the first magnitude. When we try to understand him—his humanity—as a follower of Jesus Christ, and as the preacher of a compassionate Gospel, he is a mystery, a gigantic contradiction. God was everything; man was nothing. Divine justice was inexorable, supreme, just; often not even tempered with mercy. John Calvin was religious with a vengeance; he tolerated no delinquencies or human weaknesses in himself, or in any one else. The many-sidedness of Martin Luther—his love of fun and social relaxation—were things intolerable to the great French reformer. With him, song and laughter were allowed no place in the program of life.

A close-up of the man, however, does not reveal spiritual deformity, expressed in cruelty or unkindness to others. He was a big man, incapable of thinking or doing anything little or mean. Those stern, rigid characteristics of his, were a part of his nature; but they were not altogether responsible for the man as he was. Calvin was a victim of his own theology, a logical conclusion of cause and effect. He saw only the majesty of God, and man as a vile, rebellious sinner, deserving the fires of torment, in order that God's supreme justice might be exalted and glorified. Strange it seems to us, and beyond our understanding, that he could see God glorified, equally, in the torments of the lost, as in the saved and redeemed. Calvin—we repeat—was the riddle, the enigma of history.

Calvin was born in Noyon, Picardy, July 16, 1509, at a time when two other events of world-wide significance took place—the ascension of Henry VIII. to the throne of England, and the beginning of Luther's preaching at Wittenberg. His parents did not belong to the nobility, but they were honoured and well-to-do. There were six children in the family, four boys and two girls. The sons

were all ecclesiastically inclined, holding all things touching the Church as paramount. Of the careers of three, we know nothing; the name of Calvin in religious history, is due to an illustrious *one*. At the early age of twelve, John was appointed to a chaplaincy of Noyon Cathedral. This gave him financial assistance, while preparing for college. At this time fortune smiled on the lad, as a noble family named Mommor became greatly interested in him and invited him to share the private instructions that were being given their own children. This family moved to Paris, and having practically adopted the young man, took him along, where he was given the advantage of being in the great centre of learning, and of being brought into contact with some of the brightest minds in France.

At the age of fourteen, Calvin entered the College de le Marche, where he received instruction from Cordier, the greatest Latin scholar of the time. He mastered the Latin language, and his first literary efforts were some commentaries on the classics. As a student he was wide-awake, and alert for an argument, a protest, or a debate, either with his teacher or fellow-pupils, on the most insignificant point of difference. If the matter were not clear to him, he halted things until it was. His fellow-students called him "Accusative."

Calvin's early ambitions were towards the law, and the unusual brilliancy of this pale-faced young man, bespoke for him a great career. His father urged him to enter the University of Orleans, that he might come in contact with L'Etoile, the most renowned jurist in the land. John Calvin literally "burned the midnight oil," and it was thought that his intense concentration as a student shattered his health, seeing that, all through his life, he was a chronic dyspeptic. His physical life was in direct contrast to that of Martin Luther, whose physical powers were almost unbounded.

While at the university, at the age of twenty, Calvin was converted, and this event turned his life into new

channels. Law books were discarded for the Bible and books of theology. He left Orleans and went to Bourges, where he devoted himself to the study of Greek with the German linguist, Wolmar. Not long before, he had renounced all the dogmas and tenets of Catholicism (except the fundamental truths of revelation) and became an ardent apostle of the Reformation.

In the year 1533, he returned to Paris, where some of the ablest men of the new régime resided. The Catholic dignitaries became greatly excited over the spirit of reform which was spreading so rapidly, and with the king's co-operation began the old game of suppression and persecution. So bitter was the opposition, that Calvin fled from the city by lowering himself from a window by a sheet, and disguised as a labourer, passed the guards, and finally reached the castle of the Queen of Navarre, the mother of Henry IV., who, later, figured so heroically in the cause of the Huguenots, of which we shall deal in a subsequent chapter.

After leading a wandering life for some time, Calvin again returned to Paris, hoping to meet Servetus, who was now an outstanding leader of the new views. Persecution was now so bitter in France against the Protestants that Calvin had again to flee for his life, going, this time, to Basel, where he began his literary labours, by writing a document which stamped him as being one of the brightest minds in Europe. Hoping to gain the friendly interest of Francis I., he dedicated the *Institutes of Christian Religion* to the king. It was a powerful appeal to history and to the Bible, teeming with pathos and logic, and defending the doctrines of the Reformation. The future greatness of the Sage of Geneva shone from its pages.

After serving the cause with his pen, the reformer journeyed to various places; among other points, he visited the residence of the Duchess of Ferrara; thence to his native village, at which time he sold the estate which had fallen to him on the death of his older brother. With a younger



brother and sister, he started for Strassburg, but the way was dangerous. Charles V. had his soldiers all along the way, and the travellers were compelled to detour through Switzerland. We mention these details, because his coming to Geneva was the beginning of the career of John Calvin. His coming was providential; arriving there, he met with some of the leading spirits of the Reformation, who welcomed his presence, as they were in great need of one so capable as he. He did not wish to remain, however, but preferred to go on to Strassburg, where he could study and write, out of the fulness of his active mind. He was finally prevailed upon to remain, which meant the beginning of his great leadership. From that time onward, the name of John Calvin was to be identified with Geneva. This was his throne of power. Already the people were outraged by the immoral lives of the clergy, and were ready for his genius and influence. John Calvin reigned supreme, and ere long he was the political dictator, as well as the religious autocrat, ruling according to his conception of righteousness, and with a rod of iron.

As the spirit of intolerance became more and more a part of the man, he went deeper and deeper into divine truths. A Protestant Confession of Faith was drawn up by Calvin and Farel, which proved to be a yoke of bondage to the citizens of Geneva, so great was the contrast from their former mode of living. The people rebelled, and Calvin and Farel were driven from the city. This event marked a brief hiatus in the reformer's life, but after a while he was recalled, the people of Geneva preferring his autocracy to the dissolution of society, to which it rapidly lapsed.

During his short banishment to Strassburg, Calvin married the widow of an Anabaptist, and the union was very happy but brief, his wife living but a short time. When he returned to Geneva, Calvin formulated plans for church government in all its details; it was a veritable theocracy and sought to control, not only the religious, but the social



and domestic life of the people. A party known as the Libertines, which had been in power before, struggled against the Calvin administration for fifteen years. In the end, however, they were driven from the city, and the reformer's authority rendered supreme and unquestioned.

The opinions of a man like Calvin could not always be received without objection; many were the bitter controversies he held with men, some of whom were once his warm personal friends; but he knew no human ties, when principles were involved. We shall mention but one which reveals the harsh, unswerving character of the man. Servetus was once Calvin's friend; but two strong minds so different were sure to clash. The dispute grew into a personal quarrel and the utterance of fierce denunciations, on the part of both. Servetus left Geneva, but his religious opponent followed him by secret service, and he was arrested by the Catholics in Vienne, through the machinations of Calvin. He was charged with heresy, brought back to Geneva for trial, and condemned to death. The order was carried out, and Servetus was burned at the stake with the approval of John Calvin. He conceived it to be his duty to burn a heretic, if by so doing the cause would be helped and the offender's soul saved. This event is a dark blot on the life record of a great man.

That our readers may understand something of the extent of Calvin's dictatorial rule, some lines from a standard history may be here quoted: "If a man not forbidden to the Sacrament neglected to receive it," says this historian, "he was condemned to banishment for one year. One was condemned to do penance if he omitted Sunday service. The judges punished all profanity as blasphemy. A mason was put into prison three days for simply falling from a building, it being held to be the work of the devil. A young girl who insulted her mother was publicly punished, and kept on bread and water; a peasant boy, who called his mother a devil, was publicly whipped. A child who struck his mother was beheaded; adultery was punished with

death; a woman was publicly scourged because she sang common songs to psalm tunes; and another, because, for a frolic, she dressed herself in man's attire. Brides were not allowed to wear wreaths on their bonnets; gamblers were set in the pillory, and ninepins and cardplaying were denounced as gambling. Heresy was punished with death; and during sixty years, one hundred and fifty persons were burned for allged witchcraft." Legislation extended to all private habits of dress and social life; all innocent amusements were suppressed. Holidays were forbidden, and excommunication a thing to be feared, as it was in the Dark Ages.

Calvin went to the extreme in all the usual customs of service; he could not tolerate any kind of ritualism. The churches were as cold, cheerless and barren as the truths proclaimed therein. We must, however, regard his faults together with the resplendent glory of his genius; he has had no successor in mental brilliancy. The age in which he lived was more responsible for his seeming cruelty, than the inner spirit of the man. His faith absorbed every fibre of his being, and with such unlimited power, we can but expect just such a character as evolved. Even the theologians of the past three hundred years, who do not accept his conclusions, are universal in pronouncing him the most astute logician produced by the Protestant Reformation.

In closing, we desire to say that the theology of Calvin was only a restatement of the doctrines of St. Augustine. He retouched them, however, and gave them a more militant life, so that they have withstood the storms of centuries and remain to this day, a monument to the three great ecclesiastical builders—Paul, Augustine, and John Calvin.

Many biographies of this man have been written, and some of the greatest from the Catholic standpoint. He was, himself, a prodigious writer; we marvel at what he accomplished. He wrote commentaries on various books of the Bible, harmonies of the Gospels, and on nearly every

phase of religious criticism. In 1671, his works were published in large volumes with fine print, and there were nine of them; but in 1869, a complete edition of his works was gotten out, and it required fifty-one volumes to produce them. Then, we must remember that all this prodigious labour was effected in thirty-five years, dating from his conversion at the age of twenty. His great controversy with James Arminius did not result in victory for Calvin, but resulted in the establishment of two distinct branches of theology. The five points of this controversy are known as "The Five Points of Calvinism":—The Decrees of God Fixed and Unchangeable; Limited Atonement; Grace Irresistible; Impossibility of Apostasy—sometimes called Final Perseverance of the Saints—and Election to Salvation.

John Calvin died at the age of fifty-five, when he should have been in his prime. But the frail machinery in which the dynamic intellect was encased could not withstand the strain. He died in great faith, surrounded by many weeping friends, on May 27, 1564, just as the evening sun was burnishing the Western sky.

## XII

### THE FRENCH HUGUENOTS

IN the heart of Old Charleston, S. C., nearby where many of the greatest historical features of the city were enacted, stands an odd little church closely hovered in by crape myrtle and cedar trees, and surrounded by the usual "God's Acre" with its moss-covered slabs with dates reaching back to the seventeenth century. There are all manner of grave-markings, such as may be seen in the countries of Europe. The city has swept around the little church and the hundreds of motors flying by it hourly on Church Street, have little or no appreciation of the tragic story, out of which this humble house of worship was brought into existence. It is the French Huguenot Church dating back to the beginning of 1680, and is the only one of its kind in America.

The presence of that building in this country is an exponent of a tragedy, black and cruel, which has scarcely any duplicate in human history; it is also an expression of a Christian heroism and devotion as lofty as ever actuated the souls of men. France was under the absolute rule of Rome, and because of this fact, the supreme assumptions of the Church, with her history of cruelty and persecution, backed and promoted by a drunken, lecherous priesthood—there are more infidels in France today than perhaps any country on earth. Among the dead on the battlefields of the World War were thousands of French soldiers, many of them officers, with *Anti-deus* tattooed on their arms—the Anti-God Society. All of which was but a revolt against the false religion of Rome. This chapter, however, is to be a brief survey of the struggles of those heroes of

Protestantism known as the French Huguenots, against the most unscrupulous organization that ever cursed mankind.

Four names stand out in bold relief through the long, bitter conflict which began about 1550, and continued through ten definite religious wars, with only a brief respite, now and then, from persecution and martyrdom, until Napoleon granted equal rights to Protestants, which included personal and property protection, in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

The Reformation was in full swing. Germany was under the leadership of Luther, Switzerland under Calvin, England under Cranmer and others. The four names emblazoned on the glorious banners of religious liberty were Farel, the Christian scholar and statesman; Jeanne d'Albert, the Queen of Navarre; Admiral Coligny, the bravest Christian gentleman in France, and Henry IV., King of France, but better known as Henry of Navarre, the plumed knight of Protestantism. When this brave prince fought his way on battlefield and in council chamber to the throne of France, it looked as though Catholicism were doomed and that the land would become Protestant like England and Germany. But, growing tired of war and intrigue, and with a body weakened by disease and nervous strain, Henry gave way to the overtures of fraud and treachery, and because of his early death, much of the ground which had been gained for the Protestant cause was lost.

Previous to this time, when Francis I. was king, that monarch opposed, with all his wrath and power, the new religious movement, and burned scores of those who embraced it, at the stake. When the Guise family gained the ascendancy at court, the program of extermination began. Protestants organized, and planned to capture the king, and declare Condé governor-general; but a spy betrayed their plans, and the king fled. When the small Protestant army approached the palace, they were overwhelmed and captured, and twelve hundred of them



executed. By a special edict, persecution was taken out of the hands of Parliament and placed in those of the Church.

Charles IX. was now King of France, a weak and unscrupulous prince, who was as clay in the hands of his cruel, designing mother, Catherine de Medici. Her first acts were to remove the Guises from power and grant the Huguenots freedom from the penalty of death. This compromise proved to be an act of deception, to allay suspicions of base, sinister plans for the future. Two religious wars had been fought, and while victory was on the side of the Church, because of greater numbers, they found out how the Protestants fought to the death; the third war was launched, and in this Condè, the great leader of the Huguenots, was slain, and of the captured, three thousand were executed.

This blow greatly depressed the Huguenots; but at this juncture the Queen of Navarre called the leaders to a conference at Cognac, and throwing all the power of her Christian personality into a message of inspiration and cheer, proclaimed her son the leader of the Protestant cause. This was the beginning of a career destined to be almost unexcelled in history—a youth of twenty, wise, brave, and a born leader.

This sketch would not be complete without pausing for a moment to give some thought and space to the Queen Mother, Jeanne d'Albert, who did more for the cause of the Huguenots in their hour of crisis than any other person in France. Her kingdom was small and unimportant, but she was every whit a queen. She reigned with a magnetic power which gathered about her the greatest and most intellectual men of Europe. It was with Henry of Navarre, as it usually is—a great mother giving to her son the true elements of greatness. The splendour of the mother shone in the son right from the hour in which he assumed command of the Protestant forces. The cause had gone through many vicissitudes, and his presence, white-plumed

on a black charger, was as the presence of Lee or Jackson in the midst of shattered Confederate armies.

One year before Henry was proclaimed king of Navarre, his mother died. Rome having discovered that the Huguenots, under the leadership of Admiral Coligny, were invincible, decided that something must be done. The Guises were again in power and, at this time, the master-stroke of criminal treachery was perpetrated by Catherine—the monster incarnate—acting behind the scene. All the Protestant leaders were called to Paris for the purpose of settling peacefully the long struggle. The gathering was hailed with great joy; but wise old Coligny did not feel that all was well, and hesitated to place himself in the power of Charles and Catherine. Every evidence was given that the movement was in good faith. Surely a king's word of honour could not be broken! But in the person of Henry of Navarre, who might become king of France, was a menace which might possibly leave the cause of Rome forever defeated. Who was to blame for the atrocities of St. Bartholomew? The Pope, the king, the Jesuits, or the cardinals? The answer is that *all* must share the guilt and dishonour of one of the greatest crimes in all history.

Protestantism must be crushed; such military leaders as Coligny and Chatillon must be gotten out of the way. Coligny and Chatillon, than whom no truer, braver, deeply religious men lived in Europe, could not be bought or seduced by the arts of Romish designs. They were men. The trap was set, and the hour of midnight selected to remove for ever the cause of true religion from France. August 24, 1572—what a date in human history!

The king, although inhuman and perfidious, refused at the last moment to sign the papers for so gigantic a crime. But at midnight Catherine, the bloodthirsty mother, entered his room, and in a frenzy of rage, goaded him for being a coward and disloyal to the Church. Her rage was that of a near-maniac, and the king, trembling like a leaf in a storm, placed his name to the document giving authority for the

Massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Protestants of Paris slept; at two o'clock in the morning, the great bells of St. Germaine pealed forth the tocsin of death. We quote a paragraph from an authentic historian, that our readers may better appreciate the spirit of Rome which boasts that she never changes:

"At once the slaughter began in every part of Paris, so well were the horrid measures concerted. Screams of despair were mingled with shouts of vengeance; the cries of the murdered were added to the imprecations of the murderers; the streets flowed with blood, the dead rained from windows, the Seine became purple. Men, women, and children were seen flying in every direction, pursued by soldiers, who were told that an insurrection of Protestants had broken out. No sex or age or dignity was spared, no retreat afforded a shelter, not even the churches of the Catholics. Neither Alaric nor Atalia ever inflicted such barbarities. No besieged city taken by assault ever saw such wanton butcheries, except possibly Jerusalem when taken by Titus or Godfrey, or Madgburg when taken by Tilly. And as the bright summer sun illuminated the city on a Sunday morning had the massacre just begun; nor for three days and three nights did the slaughter abate. A vulgar butcher appeared before the king and boasted that he had killed one hundred and fifty persons with his own hand in a single night.

"For seven days was Paris a scene of disgraceful murder and pillage and violence. Men might be seen stabbing little infants, and children were known to even slaughter their companions. Nor was there any escape from these atrocities; the very altar which had once protected Christians from the pagans were polluted by Catholic executioners. Ladies jested with unfeeling mirth over the dead bodies of murdered Protestants. The very worst horrors of which the mind could conceive were perpetrated in the name of religion. And then, when no more victims remained, the king and his court, and his clergy proceeded in solemn

procession to the church of Notre Dame, amid hymns of praise, to return thanks to God for the deliverance of France from men who had sought only the privilege of worshipping Him according to their consciences."

When the bloody work was finished, which was carried to every corner of the country, the Holy Father caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event, illuminated the city of Rome, proclaimed a general jubilee. Then all the cardinals, bishops and priests marched to St. Peter's for high Mass, and the rendering of a *Te Deum*. Monstrous blasphemy! One hundred thousand human beings butchered in the name of the compassionate Christ!

There was something so black and demoniacal about this terrible massacre that all Europe was filled with loathing and disgust. England and Germany became more and more interested in the cause of the Huguenots. They rallied their forces with all eyes centred upon the gallant young prince, as Condè had fallen on the field, and Coligny a victim of the dagger. They fortified themselves at La Rochelle, and with only fifteen thousand men defeated the flower of the royal army, under Anjou and Alencon, which was forced to fall back with a loss of forty thousand men. This was the turning-point of the Protestant cause; they were not, of course, masters of France; but the victory heartened them, gave them courage, and, at the same time, astonished the world by its brilliant strategy.

Not so long after the defense of La Rochelle, Charles IX. died at the age of forty-four, haunted by day and night, as he thought on the enormity of his crime. Visions of the dead Huguenots were ever before him, and his end was the going-out of a damned and tortured soul. He was succeeded by his brother, Henry III., who was also a tool in the hands of Catherine. The popularity of Henry of Navarre grew continually, and the prospect of Henry III., with no children, filled the Catholics with alarm, as the possibilities of a Protestant king became more and more likely. The Pope removed his hereditary rights by edict, but the Duke of



Guise, who was Rome's aspirant to the throne, was assassinated; Henry, himself, was also assassinated, and Providence removed the infamous Catherine by death.

Henry of Navarre was heir to the throne, but all Catholicism was arrayed against him, and for five years he fought to secure his right to the throne of France. The Catholics fought for their cause, hoping to subdue the Protestants by warfare. The final test came at Ivry, March 14, 1590, when Henry gained a complete victory which made him monarch of France. A shout of joy rang out through his army, when at its close, he emerged from the battle with three white plumes waving from his helmet, and his face covered with dust and blood.

As before stated, Henry grew tired of war, and little by little, yielded to the overtures of Rome, believing that he could best serve his country by giving her peace. He did not dream that Rome only waited for an opportunity to undo all he had done for the cause, that had been won at such a cost. Henry secured the Edict of Nantes, which might have been fortified against the future. Had Coligny lived, this would have been done, but Henry lacked the wise counsel such as Coligny could have given him. But, for a constructive reign, no king ever surpassed Henry of Navarre, since Alfred the Great.

If the Edict of Nantes could have stood, the history of France would have been a different story, but Henry's desire for a beneficent reign, caused him to lose sight of victories bought in blood. His motto was: "I hope to so govern my kingdom so that the poorest subject may have meat every day in the week, and put a fowl in the pot every Sunday."

The Edict of Nantes was a second Magna Charta, the forerunner of our American Constitution, and guaranteed absolute religious freedom and equal rights of all. But such a law was very distasteful to Cardinal Richelieu, and the grandiose Louis XIV., who declared that France was literally embodied in himself. Therefore, the great docu-



ment of human liberty was revoked, and Rome once more ascended the throne of power, proving herself to be the same Rome as she was on the night of St. Bartholomew, the same Rome, which, if allowed, she would be today.

France began again to sow to the wind. The nobility and the clergy lorded it over God's heritage, and religious liberty was restored only after a tornado of human hate had reaped a bloody harvest at the guillotine. The whirlwind came, as it always will. Sometimes it is long in coming, but it comes—to a nation, to a church, Protestant or Catholic, as sure as the suns go on in their courses. The nobility and the clergy, alike, were the helpless victims of the storm; they knew no mercy when it was theirs to grant it, and they, in turn, came to stand before a tribunal which declared: "There is no mercy at this court."

The Huguenot cause maintained a hard and long-fought struggle through ten religious wars, in the which, no less than one million men of the best blood and brain of France, perished in the cause of religious liberty.

### XIII

#### JOHN KNOX

THE Reformation in Scotland was, perhaps, a by-product of the universal spirit of reform that had visited all the countries of Europe, superinduced by the German Reformation, led by Luther. But in whatever aspect a national movement occurs, whether political or religious, it centres about some great personality. We think of what happened in Germany as an exponent of one man—Martin Luther. We think of the ultra school of theology, embodying the sovereignty of God as allied with John Calvin. We think of the great spiritual awakening in England during the eighteenth century and John Wesley, as synonymous.

Among the bright lights of religious liberty, as over against Roman tyranny, there is no name standing above that of John Knox. Other characters in the long list of religious heroes and martyrs, perhaps wrought more constructively in the Reformation, but no name is more generally known among Protestants than his; no man is more often quoted in relation to the power of prevailing prayer than the great Scottish preacher. One expression as a prayer-slogan—if we may use such a word—has forever immortalized John Knox: “O God, give me Scotland, or I die!” We venture there is not a Protestant congregation of any denomination on the earth, large or small, but has heard from the pulpit, not once, but often, these striking words of intercession.

The Scotch Reformation was not initiated by Knox; but he soon became its soul, its heart-beat, its very life. We might add further, that John Knox got his famous prayer

through using a modern parlance, because the content of this prayer was not so much a pleading for the salvation of men—it meant that, of course—but the big thing that vexed his righteous soul more than all else besides, was the cruel intolerance and the blighting influence of Rome. He looked upon Catholicism with a vehemence, never expressed even by Martin Luther. He prayed that his beloved land might be delivered from Romanism. Surely, his prayer was answered, as no country under the sun is so free from this church as Bonnie Scotland.

We remember that the Covenanters banded themselves together in 1638, pledging every drop of blood in willing sacrifice to free Scotland from the grip of the Papacy. Those heroic souls opened the veins in their arms and signed the compact in their own blood. In this, we hear echoes from the voice that thundered its anathemas nearly one hundred years before, in old St. Andrews; we hear again the prayers of this mighty man of God as he interceded for Scotland; prayers that Mary, Queen of Scots, declared she feared more than the armies of France and England. John Knox projected himself, not only into the vital life of his own country, but into all the world.

This great and militant Christian was born in 1505, in a suburb of Haddington; there is to this day a small field in this locality, known as “Knox’s Croft.” We know very little of his parents, socially or financially, except as he said, “his ‘gudesire’ and father, who served under the Earls of Bothwell.” The family was of good report, and fostered their son’s education in the grammar school of Haddington, and at the age of sixteen entered him at the University of Glasgow. It was not long before he distinguished himself in the art of argument, especially on theological themes. His teacher pronounced him to be the most brilliant pupil he ever taught.

It was this open forum character of college training which laid the foundation of his future independent thinking on religious and political subjects. He was ordained to

the priesthood at the age of twenty-five, and returned to St. Andrews, where he taught for a number of years. There is a blank of twelve years just here, that historians have been unable to fill in, and it is supposed that he continued as a teacher in an obscure sphere, and had little or nothing to do with the public in any way.

According to the record, his faith in Romish dogma was shaken by reading the Church Fathers very early in life; but he did not proclaim himself to be a Protestant until the year 1542, at the age of thirty-seven. He was at once degraded from his priestly order and had to flee to escape the threats that were made on his life, and remained in obscurity for three years.

At this time, the leading spirit of reformation was George Wishart, for whom Knox had formed a loving relationship, and was in full sympathy with his doctrines. At this time Cardinal Beaton was in supreme authority, and he ordered the arrest of Wishart, and had him burned at the stake. This was a great blow to Knox, and he offered to die with his friend, so deeply was he affected; he begged to remain with him in his hour of martyrdom; but the old friend said: "Nay, my laddie, return to your bairns; one is sufficient to sacrifice." The bairns he mentioned were the pupils of Knox, whom he continued to teach for some time.

It was the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, May, 1546, that changed Knox's plans. The Cardinal was killed at the window of his palace, where he was in the habit of watching the torture of his Protestant victims. This bold feat was accomplished by a band of nobles, organized to avenge the blood of their fellow-believers. They at once took charge of the castle, and made it a stronghold for the Reformation sympathizers. Hither John Knox went with his pupils, and remained with them until the castle was recaptured by armies of the Church, and he, with many others, was condemned to the French galleys. He served two years as a galley slave, and suffered all the cruelties and privations so common with such prisoners.

He was liberated and allowed to return to England, where he became associated with Thomas Cranmer, and others of the Reformation. Edward VI., the son of Henry VIII., was king; being a Protestant, the cause of reform took on a new life and courage. John Knox was appointed as one of the king's chaplains, through the influence of Thomas Cranmer. While he was teaching in the Beaton castle, his ability as a preacher and orator became apparent, and now as the honoured chaplain of the king, with access to the court and given such an unusual opportunity, his career as a great spiritual leader was soon acknowledged by all. His unusual talents soon gave him a wide reputation.

The untimely death of Edward VI. was a blow that stunned and alarmed the Protestants; for his eldest sister Mary was a devout Romanist, and it was not long before all their gravest fears were more than realized. She was known in history as "Bloody Mary." She, at once, began the most systematic effort to destroy, root and branch, all that Protestantism had accomplished. John Knox and many others were compelled to leave the country to escape her wrath. He went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he preached, and wrote some of his greatest books.

In 1555, he made a flying trip to Scotland, and worked quietly and cautiously among the persecuted Reformers. It was evident that the hour had not come for the delivery of his country, for which he longed and prayed. Whereupon he returned to Switzerland and took a pastorate, and for three years enjoyed the peace and quiet that he had known so little during his life; these were among the happiest of his whole career, and about this time he was married.

In the year 1559, he returned at an urgent call to Scotland, and at the age of fifty-four his triumph began. Mary, Queen of Scots, was now on the throne, and because of political necessity, she had granted some concessions to the "Lords of the Congregation;" it was not long, however, until she believed herself strong enough to revoke her con-



cessions; but the Reformation had gathered such momentum that she found herself unable to hush the uproar of protest. Serious trouble was beginning to gather about this beautiful young queen.

The heads of all the clans gathered together at Dundee, and then went to Perth, and before this assembly, John Knox reached the height of his great power. He delivered a sermon before the Protestant forces on the "Idolatry of Mass and Image Worship," which was the fuse that touched the magazine; it was like Luther before the Diet of Worms—the climax of a great career. A veritable riot followed, and the fury could not be held in check; like a howling mob they rushed hither and thither, destroying churches and monasteries. The movement was taken up throughout Scotland, and the country was swept with what was started as a Reformation, but became a Revolution, and the institutions were looked upon, as the people of Paris looked upon the Bastille; it was civil war everywhere. By the assistance of Queen Elizabeth, and the death of the Queen Regent, matters were brought to a crisis, and the Parliament was called in 1560 to settle the difficulty; the result was the organization of the Free Kirk of Scotland. The old régime was entirely eliminated, and remains so until this day.

In all these stirring times and conditions, the dominant power felt in the activities of both Church and state, was none other than John Knox. He did more to establish the Free Kirk in a doctrinal statement, and crystallize the thinking of what was chaotic in the main. He prepared the Confession of Faith and the Book of Discipline which reveal the type of mind along with a stormy temperament; he was constructive as well as destructive. Knox did not accomplish all he sought to do for the cause of Protestantism; he had to contend with some strong nobles who thought only in terms of destruction; they wanted to leave no vestige of Rome within the borders of Scotland. But he wrought great reforms, and his country today is the

beneficiary of his genius. He wanted the Protestant clergy supported by Parliament, as the Established Church of England, and in this he only partially succeeded; some provisions were made in this regard.

Going back in the story for a moment, we wish to mention a situation which brought many tempestuous hours for the great man. When the youthful Mary arrived in Scotland from her French training, being an ardent Romanist, the reformer was filled with grave apprehensions; a bitter spirit was generated between them, and ended finally in an open rupture. So intense was the great preacher's opposition against the court, many of his associates were alienated from him, as they thought that sufficient victories had been won to allow the matter to rest in peace. Not so with John Knox; his soul was in a flame of righteous protest against everything friendly with popery. The situation became so dangerous that he retired to private life for three years.

However, matters began to move rapidly and tragically. Mary was married to Lord Darnley, and to this the nobles objected, and even rebelled. Then the queen became infatuated with the Italian Rizzio, and her bordoir became the centre of social gossip and slander. Rizzio was murdered during a clandestine meeting with the queen in the palace. This tragedy was followed by the murder of Darnley in 1567, followed by an early marriage of the queen to the Earl of Bothwell; then her arrest and long imprisonment, all serving to bring into power the cause of the Reformers. But it was not long until the Protestant leader was assassinated. John Knox was getting matters in shape when this occurred, which brought great grief and disappointment to his cherished hopes.

Misunderstanding and suspicions began to centre about the old hero; tired in body, and worn in mind—"weary of the world," as he said, he longed to be delivered, and November 27, 1572, he fell on sleep. A writer has this to say about him:

“Knox’s character is distinguished by firmness and decision, and a plain, somewhat harsh sense of reality. He was a man of strong, even stern, convictions, and he felt no scruples, and recognized no dangers in carrying out his convictions. He was shrewd, penetrating, inevitable in his perceptions and purposes. No outward show or conventional pretenses deceived him; he went straight to the heart of everything. He learned, he himself said, ‘to call wickedness by its right name—a fig, a fig, and a spade, a spade.’ Above all, he was fearless; nothing daunted him; his spirit rose high in the midst of danger. As they laid him in the old churchyard of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, the Earl of Morton said of him: ‘He never feared the face of man.’”

## XIV

### JACOBUS ARMINIUS

THE Gospel of a universal atonement is never questioned these days except, perhaps, by a small group known as the Primitive Baptists, a denomination rapidly vanishing from among men. As we boldly preach, without fear of an objection, salvation for all men and grace resistible, which are the two powerful appeals to lost men, we forget the tremendous struggle three hundred years ago; a struggle which gave life and security to these fundamental doctrines. Calvinism had a strong grip on the Protestant theology of Europe. John Calvin's astute mind and inevitable logic had scored a victory over creeds and denominations. Wesley and his co-workers might have modified Calvinism's tenets; but John Wesley and all the rest were the product of this new theological awakening. We cannot tell what the religious status of Europe might have been, but for one man, James Harmensen, which, Latinized, was Jacobus Arminius.

This character, so little known, but who deserves to be on a pedestal of honour second to none, was born at Aude-water, Holland, 1560, in the blaze of the sixteenth century. What a century! The greatest era in all history for stirring events; it gave birth to great leaders in all vocations—scholars, statesmen, reformers, theologians, authors, artists, explorers, and preachers. A tremendous urge was felt throughout all Europe. Just what our present century is for materialistic development, that century was for far-reaching visions of the idealistic and spiritual. Great truths were in formation which were destined to shape the religious and intellectual life of coming generations. When

the Renaissance and the Reformation were reaching their climax, Arminius appeared as a man of destiny—starting a movement which has gathered momentum with the passing years until this good hour. Ministers of any Protestant church would not be tolerated if they did not declare, at least, the major tenets of Arminian theology, even if their creeds stated otherwise.

Arminius was left an orphan when a child, and secured his elementary education at Utrecht. In 1575, he entered a new university at Leyden, where he remained for six years. He had gained such a reputation for brilliancy, that the merchants of Amsterdam offered to pay the expenses for his education, providing he would remain in their city. He did not accept this offer, but went to Geneva in 1582, to finish his education. His teacher at Geneva was Theodoro Beza, an uncompromising apostle of Calvinism. The young man made himself odious among the students and faculty by finding fault with the philosophy of Aristotle, as there were many at this institution. He left Geneva and went to Basle, at which place his reputation had preceded him; here he was offered the degree of Doctor of Divinity gratis, but could not accept on account of his age. He studied until 1586, and then travelled extensively, finally returning to Amsterdam, where he was offered the most commanding pulpit.

Some ministers at Delft began to raise some questions touching the rigid theology of Beza, whereupon, Arminius was appointed to defend those doctrines. This was the beginning of a career as the founder of a new school of religious thought. When Arminius began a close study into these tenets of Calvinism, he at once discovered some grave errors in the very doctrines he had been chosen to defend. He took up the study of Romans—considered the bulwark of Calvinism—especially the eighth and ninth chapters. His treatment aroused a storm of opposition, although his propositions were not sufficiently thought out to be clearly stated.



In 1604, Arminius was appointed to the chair of theology at Leyden, and his bitterest opponent was Gomar, a colleague of the faculty; the storm of controversy waxed warmer and warmer within the university circles. Arminius contended, first, that God bestows forgiveness of sins on all who will repent and believe on Christ; and because He foresees the fate of unbelievers from all eternity, does not imply that He so decrees their doom. This proposition struck at the very heart of Calvin's predestination. The Gomar side contended that God had decreed those who would believe, and they would persevere to the end, regardless of their own will in the matter; the rest would all remain impenitent.

Notwithstanding Arminius was the champion of the unpopular controversy, he was appointed *rector magnificus* of the university. This position he kept for only one year, as all the pulpits of Holland rang out their anathemas against him. In 1608, he issued a proposition to all the states of Holland to issue a call for the leaders of the Church to convene and settle the matter once and for all time, by open debate. This was agreed upon, but before the convention assembled, being worn in body and mind, he died, October 19, 1609, leaving a family of seven sons and two daughters. His death was a severe shock to his few faithful followers. However, after the passing of his leadership, his co-believers waxed strong and bold, and when the convention was called together, which was in 1610, they were armed for the battle. They had formulated a Remonstrance of Five Propositions, which they defended with great earnestness before the body.

Those Five Points of the Remonstrance were: First, God had made a decree that all who believe shall be saved, and those who believe not, shall be lost—a predestination, but *conditional*. Second, Christ died for all men, but none is saved but the believers; the Atonement is restricted only by unbelief. Third, no man is able to exercise saving faith in Christ, wrought by the Holy Ghost. Fourth, that none can think or act righteousness without this grace; but this

grace may be resisted. Fifth, believers are able by the Holy Ghost to resist sin; but the possibility of a Fall (Apostasy) must be deferred to a future and a closer examination of the Bible. The fifth proposition was left open.

We can see in these statements how they were groping toward the light, and that the whole truth had not fully dawned upon them. But one year later, the Remonstrants thought their propositions through to a clear statement of the truth as we have it today, throughout Protestantism—except a few denominations who hold to the *impossibility of apostasy*.

The Calvinists put forth a counter Remonstrance, which embraced absolute *predestination* and *reprobation*. Through the influence of Senator Oldenbarnvelt, and Hugo Grotius, an Edict of Tolerance was enacted by Parliament, in 1614, which granted freedom of thought to both parties. The Calvinists disregarded the Edict, and pressed the controversy with renewed zeal. The feeling became so intense against the Arminians, who were in the minority, that they had to appeal to the State Militia for protection from personal violence.

The question became a political one; the Calvinists were determined to crush out this new movement. An ambitious politician, seeker for place and power, took advantage of the prejudice to get vengeance over his enemies. Maurice of Orange took charge of matters, and his wrath was given full sway against his enemies, who were mostly Arminians. Persecution and intolerance reached a high pitch of frenzy, and we are forced to record another shameful page of history against Protestantism, for many of the Arminians were put to death; among them was the sainted Senator Oldenbarnvelt, and Grotius was cast into prison.

The big question of an unlimited Atonement could not be destroyed by the wrath of man and persecution. The Synod of Dort was called, and this gathering was in session for several months, beginning in 1618, and sat until the middle of 1619. This was a delegated body; representatives

were there from the Netherlands, France, England, Scotland, Switzerland and Bremen. The Calvinists dominated, and before the close, the learned Dr. Episcopus, and thirteen Arminian preachers, were expelled from the body. The final outcome of this Synod was the establishing of "Ninety-three Canons," embodying what became known as the "Belgic Confession," and the "Heidelberg Catechism;" these documents were, ever afterwards, the authority of the Reformed Church in every country. The finished work of the Synod, also, was the expulsion of all the Arminian preachers, about three hundred in number, from the communion of the Church. They were practically driven from the country, principally, the Netherlands; they sought refuge in France, Holstein, and England.

The political situation changed in Holland; Maurice was succeeded by a more tolerant prince, and the Arminians were allowed to return to Holland. In 1634, Dr. Simon Episcopus opened a college in Amsterdam. The Arminian congregations were again established and continued for many years; but they have gradually disappeared as an organization, and only a few can be found. As a church, they failed; but they fought a good fight, and won the victory; though outnumbered, outvoted, and ousted at every point of the controversy, their cause has triumphed beyond their wildest dreams. The truths for which they contended, and for which many gave up their lives, have become universal. Today, there are no Protestants on earth who would dare to preach a limited Atonement, and salvation by decree.

Arminius was the entering wedge which finally severed the iron-bound theology that circumscribed our glorious Gospel. Today the Five Points of Calvinism can be found in some creeds. An old conservative once said: "I would go into a theological war, before I would allow one word removed from what originated in the Belgic Confession." Preachers are required to subscribe to this faith; but none of them preach it any more.

From this movement in Holland during the closing days of the sixteenth century, we have our "Five Points of Arminianism" which stand over against the "Five Points of Calvinism." First, universal atonement; second, grace may be resisted; third, salvation by the freedom of the human will, predicated of faith in Christ, and not by divine decree; fourth, possibility of apostasy, and, fifth, final salvation, by being faithful unto death, and not by foreordination of God.

Universal Christendom owes an eternal debt of gratitude to Jacobus Arminius, the Dutch preacher, scholar, and theologian, who by fearless zeal made thereby a contribution to the Gospel of Jesus Christ which cannot be computed.

The bitter antagonisms generated in the days of Arminius, with his opposers, only bespoke the schisms that were to follow through the coming centuries. Some of those points of difference have been the issue of many debates and divisions among good people. One of the great religious thinkers of the last century, an apostle of Calvinism, stated that before he would allow one sentence of the Westminster Confession touched, he would go into a theological war. This indicates the terrific grip a system of thought will fasten upon the minds of men.

There is no doubt but that the triumphs of this scholar and logician gave to Protestantism the greatest of all Gospel notes. Salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, accepted through the freedom of the will, carried an impact for which there could be no duplicate. On the other hand, the foreordination of God, and the predestination of all things—when reduced to its lowest terms, can but inhibit the Gospel message.

## XV

### MADAME GUYON

THE message of science, and observation of human life seems to teach that the universe is governed by the law of cause and effect; whether it is the movement of planets, the blush on the rose, or the efficacy of prayer. There is supposed to be a reign of universal law—the law of cause and effect. But God is able to set aside all law, whether it is the law of gravitation, or the resurrection power over physical dissolution—all this as it hath pleased Him. How often have we observed children of the most consecrated and pious parents worldly and indifferent to all spiritual appeals. On the other hand, in homes of sin, will come boys and girls, even before they are converted, with a bent to spiritual things. These seeming contradictions cannot be explained either by environment or training.

One of the most renowned examples of this law being set aside, without one reasonable explanation, is that of the French maiden, Jeanne Marie De La Motte, known in history as Madame Guyon. When we examine closely into the early life of little Jeanne, we find no agencies calculated to promote any degree of piety or spirituality. Protestantism was young; the people were maligned and persecuted by the Church throughout Europe, and in no country, at this time, more than in France. The religious training of Jeanne was confined to the monasteries, which were controlled by the Church, which was corrupt, arrogant, and cruel. The age was ignorant and depraved, and we have no evidence of any influence, other than priests and nuns, touching the life of this child.



She was born and reared by Romanism at its worst period. The Edict of Nantes was later on revoked, and France had been under the dictatorship of Cardinal Richelieu, one of the most uncompromising devotees of Rome, and Louis XIV., than whom a stronger personality never ruled a people, and he an ardent hater of Protestantism. So we must conclude that God reaches people here and there, where human judgment would never expect Him to operate. Rome has a long list of saints—as she calls them—made such by pontifical decree; but Rome's great saint has not been canonized, even after her death. They burned Joan of Arc, and then afterwards placed her in the roll of saints, but no such honour has been awarded Madame Guyon. Her life was one long grilling of persecution, but through it all, she never lost her love and devotion for her Church; like Savonarola, she was, until death, a "good Catholic."

Madame Guyon was born May 18, 1648, at Montargis, France. Her father, she says, was devout, not from experience, but heredity. Her mother suffered a terrible scare just before she was born, and a superstition prevailed that a child born under such circumstances could not live, and because of this, suffered much privation from neglect, especially by her mother. From the first, her mother conceived a dislike for her and poured out all her devotions upon her sons, and in the little family quarrels, always placed the blame on Jeanne, and punished her accordingly. Her mother's neglect was such that, at the age of four, her father placed her under a tutor in a convent of the Benedictines.

One day, because of some childish prank, she was told of the horrors of hell, and so deeply was she impressed by it, that she dreamed of it at night, and was shown her place among the tormented souls. She began daily prayers and begged to go to confession, but the priest laughed at her childish eagerness. She says a strange desire came upon her for martyrdom. The older girls in the convent, to

amuse themselves, prepared her for the stake, and told her by so doing she would escape hell. Just before they seemingly were about to light the fagots, she stopped them, and declared she must get her father's consent. Then they accused her of being a coward, and to think that her sincerity was doubted greatly depressed her. For a child of five, there is no parallel to this in all history.

Soon after this experience, her father took her home, where she met with the same abuse and neglect from her mother as heretofore. At the age of seven, her father placed her in a Ursuline convent; here she received her best instruction, but several times, because of illness, she was taken home. Sometimes, her illness lasted for several weeks, attended by hemorrhages and a burning fever. Her home life was most unhappy because of her mother's treatment, and often at the convent the girls persecuted her and made her life miserable, due to her zeal for holy living.

At the age of thirteen she had grown tall and handsome, and had many propositions for marriage; but to this her father would not consent. However, when she was fifteen, her parents entered into a marriage contract with the son of a wealthy builder. This was a disappointment to her, as, secretly, she had desired the life of a nun. But she believed that when married, her life would be happy and free from persecution. Yet, in this she was doomed to a still more bitter disappointment. She lived in the home of her mother-in-law, and this woman proved to be worse than her own mother; every act was criticized, and the nagging continued from morning until night. Her husband joined his mother in the abuse of his wife. She tells in the story of her life, how she tried to please them, but always failed. All these things she kept from her father. "When I spoke my mind," she says, "they said I sought to have a dispute; they put me to silence in an abrupt and shameful manner, and scolded me from morning until night." Jeanne was but a child in years, but she was made the slave of the household, doing the task of drudgery. "We had no mis-

fortunes," once yelled her mother-in-law, "until *you* came into the family."

Her husband was troubled with gout and vented his wrath on his wife, all of which she bore in silence, praying nightly to God about her sins, and fearing to look into a mirror, thinking she would be guilty of pride. One very unusual characteristic of Madame Guyon was utter self-depreciation. Through all her suffering and abuse, cruel and unreasonable as they were, she bore in silence; and when alone, condemned herself for every manner of inward impurity and self-will. Her sins, she declared, were ever before her, and the silent submission to all the injustice heaped upon her by the family was due, no doubt, to a disturbed conscience because of her own unworthiness.

No one can follow her through the details of her effort at self-crucifixion without being amazed that a soul that, from infancy, had sought only to love and serve God, should be in such an attitude. However, the seasons of self-condemnation were followed by such an exalted conception of praise and devotion to Christ, that her life was one continual enigma. From early childhood to the age of twenty-five, when she was left a widow, having lost also her father and a daughter, her life was a profound mystery. It can no more be explained by normal standards than we can explain the life of Christ by human standards. In this, we do not in any way place them in the same classification. She was human, with all that human flesh is heir to, and at the same time, living daily and hourly a martyrdom which places her *sui generis* among all her kind. "Seven years," she tells us in her autobiography, "I sank into a state of utter soul privation; like Nebuchadnezzar, I was cast down among the beasts; sermons, prayers, sacraments, and penance availed me nothing." This trying experience, it seems, was put upon her to purge out all the dross in her soul. As her husband approached the end, his treatment of her became almost unbearable; but without a murmur, she ministered to him, and prayed without ceasing.

Often she tells of a deep, sweet assurance and consecration with the glorious Christ in the temple of her soul; only in a short time to find herself in utter darkness and near-despair. After her husband's death, she became identified with Father Pere LaCombe, the leader of the Barnabites, a sect of mystics within the Church. She left her three children with a guardian, and settled upon them all her fortune, but a mere pittance, and most of this she gave to charity, leaving herself almost penniless. The Bishop of Geneva asked her to settle in his diocese, as her exalted spiritual mind had gained for her a wide reputation. She feared Geneva, as this was the seat of Satan, the despised Protestants. She believed that to be a citizen of Geneva was to renounce the faith of the Church, "for which," she says, "I will gladly give a thousand better lives than mine."

Madame Guyon also became identified with a heretical sect known as the Quietists. These fanatics have appeared, from time to time, since the first century. They believed that holiness of life could be attained only by a passive attitude to all things material; the soul must be quiet to receive anything; suffering, abuse, slander, and even death, without being conscious of it. The zenith might be attained whereby the soul could be utterly indifferent, even to its own salvation.

When Madame Guyon became united with these people, the Bishop of Geneva withdrew his protection. She then left Geneva in company with Pere LaCombe, visiting nearly all the big cities of Italy and France, teaching and preaching the "higher life" experience, what would now be called the experience of Entire Sanctification, without the extreme positions due to the superstitions and spiritual fears of the age. Even with its faults and objectional features, Madame Guyon taught the life "hid with Christ in God." They finally reached Paris, where they were able to gather about them a large following.

The life taught by Madame Guyon was so extreme in the estimation of the ecclesiastics, and therefore, so offensive,



that they caused her arrest and imprisonment in the Convent of the Visitation. From this place she was soon liberated through the influence of Madame de Maintenon, who belonged to the nobility of Paris, and was a powerful factor at the court of Louis XIV. This courtier caused Madame Guyon to be introduced into the highest social circles of Paris and Versailles. Madame de Maintenon took a strange fancy to this spiritual prodigy, although there was nothing in common between them; they were at extremes in every way as to their attitude to life.

About this time, by means of her new position, she became acquainted with Fènelon (1678), who was without a peer in all France. Being of a deeply spiritual nature, and experiencing a wonderful insight to the deeper truths of the Gospel, he became much impressed with the lofty spiritual conception of Madame Guyon. She was the leader at that time of the Quietists, and many of the grosser conceptions of this life were being practiced by the adherents of this sect. Fènelon refused to believe anything detrimental to the character of this remarkable woman, and became one of her staunchest advocates, so much so, that a serious breach arose between him and his devoted friend, Bossuet. Fènelon defended Madame Guyon until he brought grave criticism upon himself. He was willing to sacrifice his friendship rather than see one whom he believed to be pure and sincere, suffer persecution and slander. The breach between Fènelon and Bossuet was never healed.

Father Pere LaCombe had been Madame Guyon's friend and spiritual adviser through a long period of years; his deep piety along with hers, was the ground of slanderous charges and scurrilous letters purporting to be information concerning their illicit relations. To follow this holy woman in her tedious recital of the purity existing between them, and nothing but the holiest fellowship had ever existed, is to see in it all but one thing—Rome is, and always has been, an apostate religion, and the greatest crime possible on the part of a communicant of that Church, is to be



genuinely religious. They will tolerate anything but sincere devotion to Jesus Christ. It is a most pathetic story, the persecution and calumny, through the hierarchy, even gaining the prejudice of the king. The result was, Pere LaCombe was cast into prison, charged with immoral conduct, and of course sent to the Bastile, where he remained the rest of his life, so far as any record can be found. The attendants were so impressed with the sanctity of LaCombe, that he was finally placed in the more humane quarters of the famous prison!

Papers for the arrest of Madame Guyon were issued at the same time, but she became ill, and, for weeks, was at the very door of death, but finally recovered. The Bishop who had planned all the traps and schemes for the overthrow of Pere LaCombe and Madame Guyon, visited her during her illness and professed great tenderness and sympathy. She had in her possession, at the time, a sworn affidavit, exonerating the character of LaCombe, and with it, his release was assured. The Bishop appeared to be so pleased that LaCombe was innocent, and begged her for the documents, saying that he would secure his freedom at once; but he could not do it unless she gave him the papers. Believing that it would be the means of getting her friend out of prison, she surrendered the documents into the hands of their worst enemy. When once they were in his possession he destroyed them, and when approached about the matter, said that he did not receive them at all, that her brain was disturbed, and she had never given them to him. It is believed that LaCombe died in the Bastile.

Finally, Madame Maintenon turned against her. Madame Guyon was accused of treasonable utterances, which were never proven. From the prison of St. Mary's she was consigned to the Bastile, where all kinds of persecution were inflicted upon the poor helpless woman. Ten long years Madame Guyon languished in prison, but, like John Bunyan, the prison-walls became a broadcasting station where she wrote books, poetry, and composed songs. But,

greatest of all, left for the coming generations her autobiography, which had no equal in human literature. Her life was a Gethsemane from infancy to the sixty-third year of her life.

Madame Guyon was released from prison by some unknown influence, and spent the last seven years of her life in quietness; it seems that her enemies ceased to molest her. While Madame Maintenon was her friend, she induced Louis XIV. to settle on her a sufficient annuity, so that her last days were, in a measure, free from actual want. She died at Blois, France, June 9, 1717. Madame Guyon lived in an altitude of spiritual vision, which few, if any mortals ever surpassed. This must be the just estimate, when all things are considered. Her life, throughout, was the penalty of being holy within the pale of an unholy organization. Some of our moderns would profit, hugely, by reading the life of Madame Guyon.

## XVI

### JOHN BUNYAN

THE Church has produced some stalwart leaders through the centuries; and it was not so much the Church, as the message of the Church. Within her communion have been ten-talented men; great national breakwaters for the shelter and protection of the struggling race. Every vocation has been represented by towering characters, here and there, like the sun-crowned peaks of a mighty mountain range. Great statesmen, orators, scholars, military heroes, scientists, and authors; all these have ministered in the holy things of the Church. The most profound scholarship, the broadest culture and social influence, together with the leadership of wealth, may find wide avenues of expression far superior to parliaments and forms. The greatest and best of the human race have been drawn to the Church with sacrificial convictions and the spirit of martyrdom.

John Bunyan, the magic name which carries the message of Gethsemane, Transfiguration, and Calvary, like the commingling of all the tempos of Handel's masterpiece. All things considered, the life of John Bunyan can no more be explained by human processes than the power and personality of Lincoln, which enabled him to rise from the humblest origin, to a place among the world's ten-talented celebrities.

In Methodist circles, the name of John Wesley is known to every one; it is as familiar in other creeds, also. Luther is well known in the history of Protestantism; but John Bunyan is a cosmopolitan, contemporaneous, co-extensive with the religious hopes and aspirations of two hundred and fifty years. We have in literary circles what is known as

"best sellers," from the pen of modern fiction writers. These best sellers rarely ever last more than one season; they catch the public attention by some striking title,—carrying some powerful human appeal, generally, of a sexual character. In one year several editions are printed, but always the appearance of the book is preceded by wide announcement, and the book is kept before the public. The "best-seller" idea is more often produced by knowing the key to psychological advertisement, than to any particular merit of the book.

But in the person of John Bunyan we have an author who had no press exploiting psychology to operate in his behalf; but he produced a "best-seller," reaching back through the centuries, and going out into all the civilized world. A book passing through a half-dozen years as a leader, would be acclaimed by critics as marvellous; but one of John Bunyan's books has been doing this for twenty generations, and no doubt will so continue, unless the mind of the human race becomes so sordid and materialistic that it will no longer appreciate spiritual values.

The subject of this sketch was born at Elstow, Bedfordshire, November, 1628. His father was a tinker who bartered his wares—a calling of no social standing whatever. But the family lineage has been traced back as far as 1200 A. D., and the plot of ground where John was born had been in the family for many generations. The traditional spot is called "Bunyan's End;" the name has passed through thirty-six different forms, according to records; Buniun, Beryun, Boryon, etc. The family was poor, but sought to be "decent and worthy." John took up the trade of his father, the mending of pots and kettles; he had a forge at Elstow, but travelled from village to village. The trade was regarded as disreputable. "My descent," he says, "was of low generation; my mother's rank was the meanest and most despised of all the families of the land." Sir Walter Scott regarded the Bunyan family as a kind of gipsy tribe.

John received a smattering of education, which was not beyond the second grade of our public schools of today; but it was "utterly lost," he says, when he went to work with his father. His mother died when he was sixteen, and this was a great sorrow to him, and the situation was made worse, as his father married two months afterwards.

Home life became unbearable for the lad, so much so, that he ran away and joined the Parliamentary army, serving two years until the army was disbanded. In after life he often spoke and wrote about God's mercy in saving him from death several times; once in particular, when a comrade took his place on sentry duty. The gratitude for being spared until he was delivered from sin was always paramount in his meditations.

When the war closed, he returned to the tinker trade, and at the age of twenty, married; but no mention is made of the date, or the name of his wife. Some believe that his first wife soon died, as his wife later became the big factor in his redemption. The record at this time is not very certain. Speaking of these early days, he says: "We were as poor as the poorest." Not much is said of his moral character, other than he was very profane, but was not a drunkard.

His wife brought two books from her father's home; one of them was *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, and from it came the beginning of the awakening; very slow at first, but each step was permanent. As to the impression of his reform on himself and others, McCauley calls him a Pharisee, and he calls himself a "painted hypocrite." One day he chanced to overhear the conversation of two women concerning his transformation from such a vile sinner to a decent man, and an inspiration came to him; meditating upon his own unworthiness, he wrote the book, *Grace Abounding*. Notwithstanding his marvellous conception of God's mercy, at times he became so depressed over his spiritual condition that it bordered on melancholia. Like Augustine, the memory of his past life was ever before him. However,



about this time Bunyan formed the acquaintance of the "holy Mr. Gifford," a pious layman living at Bedford, and it was the influence of this good man which helped to establish him in the faith.

In the year 1653, he united with the Nonconformist congregation at Bedford, which might be called, today, the Baptist Church; however, there were some tenets believed and practiced then, which do not obtain now. John Bunyan has always been considered a Baptist. Two years after becoming identified with this religious body his wife died, leaving him with five or six children, one of them being blind. The loss of his wife, who had been such a help in raising him from a life of sinful degradation to respectability, was a shock, and his sorrow was further deepened by the death of his companion and friend, the "holy Mr. Gifford." He had moved into Bedford, and was ordained deacon in the church. Very soon his ability as a public speaker became evident, and he was given opportunity to serve as an exhorter. But, in 1657, the definite call to preach was quite obvious, and he was chosen pastor of the Bedford congregation. It was a sensation to the town when it became known that the "swearing tinker" was now preaching. The curious came in great crowds to hear him, and as was said of another: "They came to scoff, and remained to pray," as John Bunyan had a burning message in his soul.

His popularity as a preacher spread throughout Bedfordshire, and he at once faced the same obstacle which every other preacher before and since has faced—jealousy. The grace of God can do wonders in the human soul, but cases are exceedingly rare where preachers are not burned by a bitter jealousy against the man who draws crowds and does things they have been unable to do. There is a depth of carnality and deceit here that is hard to fathom; men profess to love God and lost souls, yet are consumed with jealousy toward any man who can succeed in doing his work to a greater degree than they. Here is the solu-

tion: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?"

The preachers began to criticize and discount Bunyan's work in every way, when things began to happen under his ministry, which did not happen under theirs. Such preachers must explain it away, tell how it happened, etc. Human nature not fully delivered from the carnal mind runs along on the same old trunk line, whether it is the first century, the seventeenth, or the twentieth. If Savonarola had remained in his cloister mumbling his litanies, he would never have been bothered; but when old St. Mark's began to pack to the doors with the multitudes that the others did not reach, "business began to pick up." It picked up with John Bunyan, the pastor of the Bedford Baptist Meeting. One prominent doctor of divinity, and a big university man, declared: "This mender of pots and pans now presumes to be a mender of souls."

John Bunyan, suffering from the humiliation of illiteracy, and formerly known as a "man of the baser sort," became a mighty preacher in a very short time. But in one year from the time he took charge of the Bedford church, a framed-up indictment was filed against him. There seems to have been no record made of it, and it is not known just what became of the charges. But his Gospel of salvation, promising full deliverance from all sin, aroused the carnal ecclesiastics and at once the machinery was set in motion to destroy him and close his mouth. In the midst of this conflict he wrote his second book, *Gospel Truths Opened*. The fight waxed warmer and warmer; whereupon he wrote, one year later, *Gospel Truths Vindicated*. This was followed by *The Rich Man and Lazarus*, *Sighs from Hell*, and *Groans of the Damned*. No man, Dante not excepted, ever wrote, whose imaginations blazed in such terrific splendour, as this Bedford preacher. He allowed his imagination full sweep in describing the miseries of the lost souls.

The climax came about the year 1661; a law had been passed putting certain restrictions upon religious services;

one phase of this law was that certain Nonconformists could not preach and administer the sacraments within the church building. This law John Bunyan ignored; but when the pressure became too strong, he went out in the fields, old barns, and in the woods, preaching everywhere. However, he was hounded until he was finally lodged in jail.

The historical record seems to be a bit mixed as to dates; in 1661, at the coronation of Charles II., many prisoners were released; but Bunyan was not among the fortunate ones, because he refused to make certain promises. The date of his incarceration is not certain; however, it lasted for twelve years. It speaks of his wife trying to secure his release, and failing. Then it seems that he was released from this imprisonment (evidently the first), and finally he began his long imprisonment in 1666. Parliament had passed the Religious Restriction Laws, but Bunyan had refused to obey them. He wrote his famous *Pilgrim's Progress* during this twelve years, and preached continually to the crowds that came to his prison windows. They even tried to stop this by passing an ordinance that prisoners should not be allowed to look out of the window.

The Bible and *Fox's Book of Martyrs* were his prison companions. The last six years of his prison life, it seems, is a blank, as nothing of interest is recorded; his great masterpiece did not appear until 1678. If it was written while he was in jail, which is generally believed, it remained unpublished for five or six years. The chronology of his home life, prison terms and dates of certain events cannot be verified by the records.

By and by, John Bunyan became a free man, and prosecuted his ministry with his old-time zeal and vigour, going about from place to place until he became known as "Bishop Bunyan," and his work known as "Bunyan's Circuit." Again the Church comes forward with a protest against this unconventional method of preaching; this religious iconoclast must be controlled. Efforts were made to suppress his labours, or else get them under the super-

vision of authority and conventional regulations, all of which failed. John Bunyan could not be supervised; he had spent twelve long years in prison, often suffering for necessary food, and through it all his spirit remained undaunted. He had carried the heavy load up hill and over rugged pathways; he had spent long nights in the Castle of Giant Despair, but at last, footsore and tired, he had come into the presence of the Cross, and his burden had rolled off. What did he now care if the wrath of man was turned upon him; he had come in sight of the setting sun and the quiet harbour. He was too near the final deliverance, with the liberty of one whom the Son had made free, to longer reckon with flesh and blood. He was free indeed!

John Bunyan was a voluminous writer, and had a style that was unique and original. The one book whereby he immortalized himself was *The Pilgrim's Progress*, one of the most powerful, dramatic allegories in all literature, except the classic parables of our Lord. The book which was his second best, and lives today, and is read with great interest, is *The Holy War*, or *The Capture of the Fortress of Mansoul*. His books all had long titles and sub-titles. Both these books portray the heart experience of millions who have struggled along the highway of righteousness. It is not generally known that John Bunyan wrote, besides these two masterpieces, *forty-seven other books*. He wrote on every possible phase of Christian teaching and experience. No man ever lived who caught the vision of Christ and His standards of life better than he, outside of inspiration.

The last preaching of this remarkable man was in London; when he was announced to preach early in the morning, twelve hundred people would assemble at seven o'clock. This was the closing of his pilgrim journey; while returning from London he caught a severe cold, as the trip was made in an open carriage and a downpour of rain. He had just recovered from an attack of "sweating sickness," and this made him an easy prey to what was perhaps pneumonia fever. He died the last day of August, 1688, at the home

of John Shudwick, a devoted friend, and the keeper of a small grocery store. He was placed in Shudwick's vault, Bunhill Fields, Finsbury. His estate was less than one hundred pounds (\$500), when he was laid to rest. We are sure that his life was one long struggle with poverty; while he was in prison, he made laces and sold them through the jail window to help support his family. John Bunyan was poor, but he made many rich. Here it is, reproduced again: "In stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."



## XVII

### JOHN WESLEY

**N**O doubt there has been more written about John Wesley than any religious character since the founding of Christianity. As many biographies have been written of him, and the times in which he lived, than perhaps of either Washington or Lincoln. When viewed from every angle, we doubt if there has been a man whose life was more vitally protected than his since the Saviour walked among men, Martin Luther not excepted. To write a sketch of Wesley in one chapter is like a thirty-minute sermon on John 3:16.

We shall undertake to cover no new territory; it could not be done, even in a volume of five hundred pages. We shall make a brief survey, noting some of the contributing streams, the confluence of which has covered the earth with an inundation of Bible righteousness and sanctified energy. What was said of Queen Esther may be said of John Wesley—he came to the kingdom for just such an hour in which he lived.

For two hundred years the common people of England and France had been submerged, crushed under the heel of a cruel, godless aristocracy; low rumblings of discontent and revolution were sending forth a protest against oppression and suffering on both sides of the English Channel. The voice of God, giving messages of hope and salvation, was lost in the mumblings of ecclesiastical ritualism. The ministers of God were generally given over to drunkenness, gambling, and even baser sins. The English parson was no longer the prophet of God than the French priest; they were alike the allies of the nobility, supported from public funds

and a law unto themselves. The people had lost interest in their spiritual life; social putrefaction was everywhere evident. France swept blindly on, until the shouts of the maddening mob measured time to the sickening thud of the guillotine.

But in England a man appeared who became the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The burning sands of class hatred and vengeance piled up against him, and under the shadow of his sanctified personality the oasis came and, what otherwise would have been desolation and waste of blood and revolution, began to blossom as the rose.

John Wesley was a man of destiny, called of God in an hour of peril to be a breakwater in a national crisis. England, the home of the Anglo-Saxons, the land conquered from the blight of Rome, but, like France, had neither prophet nor statesman aware of the impending doom. The social order had about reached the limit of degeneration and was moving from the upper stratum—the nobility and clergy—down through the bone and sinew classes; the lower multitudes were rotting upward: the consummation was inevitable. But the *man* appeared and the putrid streams began the process of filtration by divine impartation of the Holy Spirit through the ministration of a sanctified personality.

John Wesley became a salt-bearer to England, and the marvellous preserving and antiseptic powers saved a nation from auto-intoxication. Wesley was the greatest salt-bearer, beyond a doubt, since the Apostle Paul; but he received ridicule and contempt from the upper stratum, and mob violence from the lower order; the most pronounced stupidity and blindness since Christ wept over Jerusalem because of His rejection.

God had been preparing this man for many generations; he was not an accident—the law of cause and effect set aside like Joan of Arc and John Bunyan—he was the resultant of two character streams, the best in England. The name Wesley originally came from Wellsley, one of the

oldest and best families. Sir Garrett Wellsley, of Ireland, became interested in Charles Wesley and offered to settle on him a fortune, and give him a peerage if he would live in Ireland, believing him to belong to the Wellsleys. It was given to another branch of the Wesley family, and from this source came the Duke of Wellington.

But there was something greater than the blood of nobility which accumulated and was put in contribution to the making of John Wesley. The family belonged to the Church of England, but not the High Church; they were of strong Puritan tendencies. Bartholomew Wesley, the great-grandfather of John, was ejected from the Established Church by the Uniformity Act, 1602; then John Wesley (grandfather), also a minister, was persecuted and his allowance cut off because of his liberal ideas. Samuel Wesley (father) was offered preferment as rector of the Church; but he would not conform to the unscrupulous schemes of James II., and was near the bread-line, until William and Mary came to the throne, and those good rulers settled on him allowance connected with the Epworth parish. Thus we see from the paternal side, John Wesley had a royal, heroic heritage for three generations of ministers, all willing to suffer rather than be untrue to principle.

Now we wish to examine the family of the maternal side; his mother was Susannah Wesley, the daughter of a clergyman, who was ejected from parish and preferment because he leaned too near the Puritans and Nonconformists. The same sacrificial spirit that coursed through the souls of the Wesleys for many generations was a pronounced factor in the making of Susannah Wesley. A great historian has written a set of biographies—fifteen volumes—and one devoted to Great Women, but makes no mention of Susannah Wesley, whom this humble scribe regards as one of the greatest women in all history. The honour and majesty of the son overshadow the matchless splendour of the mother.

Let us get a close-up for a moment; the mother of

*nineteen children*, all to be fed, clothed, and educated from an income that would today be scorned by the average wife with no children. We wonder at the system, routine, and method which played so great a part in Wesley's life, from the time he entered Charterhouse School, and on through Christ's College, and Lincoln College Fellowship, study hours, lessons recited, recreation, house and garden duties, Bible study, and each child given one hour weekly, alone with the mother, where instruction and examination were given into the deep things of faith and personal piety; besides doing the household superintending, preparing meals, hearing lessons from the youngest to the oldest, spending *nineteen hours* weekly teaching the lessons of godliness. The average teacher in schools and colleges does not teach more than fifteen to twenty hours a week, as full service.

Susannah Wesley taught nineteen hours a week, as a sideline. Furthermore, when Samuel Wesley was away, the wife conducted religious services in the home, and often the room would be filled with neighbours gathering for the devotions and expositions of the Bible. Without the mother, John Wesley could not be explained; with the mother, all is clear. She was a woman of superior intellect and culture; familiar with all lines of the best literature, and a soul surcharged with the fruits of the Spirit. Her husband used to watch her in the classroom, and remark: "My dear, I am amazed at your patience; you have explained that question twenty times." She replies: "If I had stopped without giving it the twentieth time, the nineteen would doubtless have been lost."

Here we have a glimpse of sanctified motherhood, and when John Wesley is considered he is the logical exponent of his marvellous mother. We repeat, and advisedly, Susannah Wesley was the greatest product of womanhood in all history.

It will not be amiss to examine John Wesley's life, from his almost miraculous deliverance, as a puny child of five, from the burning rectory at Epworth. He was upstairs,



asleep and forgotten, until his cries were heard above the roar of flames. No ladder was available; the father knelt in the garden and consigned "little Jackey" to the heavenly Father. Whereupon, three men, standing on each other's shoulders, made a human ladder, and rescued the little boy. At once the roof went in, but the boy was saved to the whole world. The family had been often abused by the rough neighbours, but after the fire, they were no more hindered and persecuted as before; life at the rectory was more tolerable.

John Wesley spent six years at Charterhouse School, London, where he was often imposed upon by the older boys, who would snatch his portion of meat, as he came from the cook-house; an allowance was given each boy. For days, often, he ate only bread; but he says: "I was never without a keen appetite." In the autumn of 1720, a lad of seventeen, he entered Christ's Church College, Oxford, and throughout his college days, until graduation with distinction, he never swerved from his intense religious training of home. He received his M.A. degree in 1726, and for his high standing, received a Fellowship at Lincoln College, and lectured in Greek, and was the moderator of classes.

At the instigation of his father, John left college and took charge of a small parish of the Epworth charge. He did not continue here long, but returned to college, resuming his fellowship work. His brother Charles was now a student at Lincoln, and they, with some others, organized the famous "Holy Club," a name given, no doubt, in derision.

The ability of this young man now began to attract attention. General Oglethorpe had opened a settlement at Savannah, Ga., and being a personal friend of Samuel Wesley, he besought John to return with him, as the pastor of the community, and also to teach the Indians, who were near by, and friendly. He went, but his rigid, circumspect training did not fit into the lives of the rough pioneers.



This trip proved a failure and, after an unfortunate love affair with the chief magistrate's daughter at Savannah, he returned to England; "shaking the dust from off my feet," as he declared.

During the ship voyage they encountered a furious storm; on board this vessel were some German Moravians, whose calmness in such danger greatly impressed the young minister. This was the beginning of influences which brought about the regeneration of John Wesley. He attended their services in London, May 24, 1738, and while one was reading the preface to Luther's introduction to Romans, Mr. Wesley's heart "became strangely warm." That moment the greatest religious movement of two thousand years was born—Methodism! An evangelistic campaign for the salvation of men, with the "world for a parish."

After this great experience, Mr. Wesley visited Germany, and met many distinguished people, among them, Count Zinzendorf and Prince Royal, who was afterwards Frederick the Great. A friendship was developed between Wesley and Zinzendorf which lasted for years, until the doctrine of entire sanctification came between them. Mr. Wesley contended that there was "sin in believers," and sanctification was a "second blessing, so called," subsequent to regeneration, received instantaneously by faith. Zinzendorf contended that sanctification and regeneration were received at the same time. Zinzendorf has many followers in Methodism. Mr. Wesley called this blessed doctrine the "Great Depositum," for which God had raised up the people called "Methodists" to spread over the whole world.

The story of Wesley is a long one, but may be told briefly. He was excluded from the pulpits of England, but God was in this; for if he had been allowed to minister in the churches the unnumbered thousands of unchurched would not have been reached. This apparent persecution drove him out into the highways and byways, and if it had not been so, the greatest by-product of his life would never have

materialized. First, the social order would not have been saved and the fires of revolution would have swept the land. This man and his co-workers went everywhere, reaching thousands in every nook and corner of the land—open fields, old barns, graveyards, on streets, and in congested forums. Second, there would have been no world-wide Methodism today, the largest Protestant body on earth; it could not have been done within the Established Church.

Growing out of this spiritual awakening, societies were organized, ministers were sent out filled with holy zeal; they went everywhere, facing mobs, suffering all kinds of privations and insults, but God put His seal upon them, and "the poor had the gospel preached unto them."

Wesley was a ten-talented man—*plus*; a voluminous writer: books, poetry, homilies, tracts for the people, sermons, instructions for preachers, catechisms, Notes on the New Testament, and kept a diary from day to day all his life. He wrote the first Greek grammar in existence; one of the first Latin grammars, and was a master of the French language. Mr. Wesley kept personal oversight of all the societies, preached continually—often five times a day. It was no uncommon thing for him to meet with a thousand people at five in the morning. He travelled over two hundred thousand miles on horseback, and other slow ways of transportation, through rain, storm, and swollen streams.

John Wesley was a calm, clear, fluent speaker; not impassioned like Whitefield. Under his mild demeanor there was an imperial personality; he ruled his preachers like a veritable czar, but with brotherly consideration; he knew no favourites. The work of saving men burned in his own soul, and this was paramount; no lazy, trifling preacher got by with him. He was a dogmatic Arminian to the extreme. He left fellowship with the beloved Moravians on differences of doctrinal grounds; also, the man he loved devotedly—George Whitefield, who became tainted with Calvinism.

John Wesley had a very unfortunate domestic experience; just why such a man should blunder so in matrimony, is hard to understand. His wife was a widow with four children, and she proved to be a shrew that was never tamed. There is a well-established theory that marriages are sealed in heaven; but there is much evidence contradicting this notion. We believe Satan manipulates more weddings than the Lord. There is a silly idea that happy domestic life may mean a neglect of higher duties. Charles Wesley was happily married, and his contribution to religious literature was not lessened by that fact. John Wesley lived a tragedy in his home, at times, it is believed, suffered physical punishment at her hands. A great soul is the most helpless and unsophisticated in the game of courtship, or so it often seems, and irreparable blunders are made. John Wesley was a great soul, capable of great enjoyment from the sweeter things of life; but in this regard, his life was empty and unsatisfied. The founder of Methodism died in great peace and triumph, in 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

## XVIII

### FRANCIS ASBURY

**I**N the city of Washington, near the cluster of mighty buildings whose imposing masonry stands as a guarantee of political liberty, stands a majestic statue of Francis Asbury, mounted upon his faithful horse, dressed in the garb of a pioneer "circuit rider." The mount is poised upon a pedestal, and is but a small tribute to the memory of its original.

In the Capitol Buildings, not far away, is a "Hall of Fame," where each state may select, by legislative enactment, two names from among their people worthy of a place in the rotunda of celebrities. The life-sized statues of our noble and great are there; Francis Asbury cannot be allowed such a place of honour, as he belonged to no state—but the whole nation. However, our Congress and Senate would honour themselves and, at the same time, give a demonstration to the nation, and the whole world, if they would vote an appropriation for such a memorial to be erected in the very centre of this Hall, as a worthy recognition from a nation that, we shall say, owes more to this man than to any other great American.

This is loud talk and sounds a bit boastful; but we shall set forth a few brief facts to sustain this proposition. This same national Congress has caused to be erected a beautiful "Lincoln Memorial" which looks down upon an artistic lagoon, in line with the Washington Monument, and the Capitol Building. We would not move one stone from those memorials; they are just and worthy, but the greatness of a nation does not consist of successful wars, and triumphant statesmanship, but in moral factors. No nation

can stand founded alone upon the genius of government; such we admit holds the centre of the stage, and gets all the recognition of writers of history. The moral and spiritual values go unnoticed by the wise, political economist; but the real solidarity of a nation is its unit strength in the cell tissues of the body politic—the moral power in the home.

Colonial life had patriotism; but New England had revolted against the narrowness of Puritanism; many of the members of the Continental Congress were either sceptics or unbelievers. Unitarianism was getting a firm footing in the new republic. The south's religious life was a reproduction of the Established Church of England, ritualistic and formal, lacking all the elements of evangelical faith. The frontier, now extending beyond the Appalachian Mountains, was near barbarism, beyond the reach of civilizing influences. Victory over the mother country and a Constitution—than which a greater document has never been drafted—were incapable of building a mighty empire; popular and free education would not have reached the frontier in time; only the wealthy—North and South—could afford education. There was a need—a sore need—of an empire builder who used no untempered mortar. Such a man was Francis Asbury—like Wesley of England—a man of destiny; one who came to the kingdom for such an hour.

Francis Asbury was born at Handsworth, Staffordshire, England, August 20, 1745; his birthplace being not far from Oxford. His parents were among the first devoted followers of Wesley, and from infancy, he had imbibed the spirit of the new evangelism, based upon the Arminian statement of faith. He was converted at the age of thirteen, under the preaching of a Wesleyan itinerant. His early education was meagre—secured at Barre. When a lad, he was hired to a shoemaker as an apprentice, and his work was cutting "buckle-chapes," or shoe-tongues; this he did until fourteen years of age. Then it was, he came in contact with the



Methodist "circuit rider," as the chapels were scattered all over England.

At the age of sixteen, though still working at his trade, he was licensed as a local preacher, and at once his "gifts and graces" were in evidence. He remained a local preacher for six years, and at twenty-two, became a regular enrolled itinerant under Mr. Wesley's supervision. Two years later the opportunity came for the making of one of the greatest Christian heroes of history. Had he lived two hundred years earlier, his name would doubtless have been on the honour roll of martyrs, along with Savonarola, Huss, and others. Francis Asbury lived a life of bloodless martyrdom, until the day of his death. It requires more grace and power, day by day, to live martyrdom, than to burn at the stake. The far-seeing Wesley had planted Methodism in the new world. The spirit of intolerance in England, and rebellion among the Colonists, had not as yet proved a hindrance to the work in America. The Church was planted in New York and Philadelphia in the year 1767; but more and more the great founder realized the lack of leadership.

Wesley recognized the latent powers of Asbury, and therefore commissioned him, in company with Rev. Richard White, as ministers for the new country; they landed in America, October, 1771. One year later, Asbury was appointed as "General Assistant," a place that had been occupied by Thomas Rankin. The passion for liberty, and protest against unjust legislation, were kindling into a conflagration among the Colonists; Rankin returned to England, but Asbury remained. Herein he was a true prophet; he saw the justice of the American cause, and the future of a great republic. His sympathies were from the first with the Colonists; but he was too discreet to take a position, as America was filled with Tories; and the presence of English preachers was ever under suspicion. Many of them were arrested, but no serious penalties were given them; Asbury was arrested once, because he would not take

a certain oath, but on the payment of five pounds, he was released.

In 1778, the lines were drawn to the limit; it became dangerous to prosecute further the work of the churches; consequently, for two years Asbury remained in seclusion, almost a prisoner, in the home of Thomas White, of Delaware. He says of those two years:

“Those two years were the most active, the most useful, and the most suffering of my whole life.” Those years were like Paul in Arabia, and John Bunyan in jail; meditation, seasoning, and mental furnishings for the great future before him. Finally, the authorities were convinced that the labours of the itinerants were utterly unselfish and free from political alliances, further than for the spiritual welfare of the people. The “circuit riders” were set free, and allowed full authority and protection to prosecute their work.

At the close of the war, an American church was a necessity, and Mr. Wesley, though only indirectly in touch with conditions on this side, knew that such an emergency had arisen. Up to this time, Mr. Wesley held rigidly to the traditions of the Established Church; one dogmatic tenet was, that none was authorized to ordain, except those in episcopal succession—known as “Apostolic Succession.” Wesley knew, quite as well as did Asbury, that in free America the unlettered, as well as the uncultured, would not submit to the high churchism of England, which were generally loyal subjects of the king.

John Wesley began a close study of the New Testament offices of bishop and presbyter; the result of this study brought him to the revolutionary conviction that they were one and the same. Whereupon, he constituted himself a bishop, with New Testament authority to ordain. The first ordained bishop of Methodism was Thomas Coke, of Oxford, an eminent scholar and a great soul. The new bishop was commissioned by Wesley with Apostolic authority to ordain Francis Asbury as “Bishop of the Methodist Epis-

copal Church of the United States of America." This ordination took place at the Christmas Conference, in Baltimore, in the year 1784. This was the beginning of a career—all things considered—unequalled in religious history. Until the day of his death, Asbury was an indefatigable worker; a greater Christian evangelist never lived. This major-general of the Lord's hosts not only covered the scattering civilization of America, but went far beyond—out in the wild and trackless frontier—among "savage beasts, and still more savage men." Often it was necessary to guard his life from savagery of Indians. His parish extended from New England, south to the Everglades; west to the Mississippi River and beyond—from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. All over this vast domain of wilderness, this silent evangel—mounted on horseback—went into the by-ways (there were no highways) of the primæval forests and mountain fastnesses.

He kept in close touch with all the preachers and circuits, travelling and preaching almost daily, holding conferences and revival meetings. When we compare Bishop Asbury's labours through his episcopate of thirty-two years with his successors in office—Pullman cars, sleepers, diners, palatial hotels, and holding from three to five conferences—all of which may be reached in a few hours' ride, or one night on a sleeper—we find truly that *comparisons are odious*. For the work's sake, no doubt, this great soul denied himself all the pleasures of wife and home; he had no home, except the welcome firesides of his beloved people everywhere.

We cannot close this brief survey without mention of his labours in some detail. His education was indeed meagre from scholastic standards; but at odd times, while on long journeys, he acquired a good knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. On the first round of his episcopal labours, he laid the foundation for the first Methodist College at Abingdon, Md. The material from which he gathered his workmen was generally as illiterate as he was in the beginning.

But they wrought mightily in the land, and the story of the American Republic would have been different, had he not sub-soiled society. He carried the impact of God's authentic Word to the rough homes which produced a religious culture and reverence which gave to our national life more than the power of armies or the deliberations of lawmakers. Methodism taught men to fear God—which is, today, becoming a lost art.

Francis Asbury's *Journals* are as fine a selection of romantic literature as can be found; they unconsciously tell a story of zeal and heroism without a parallel. John Wesley could never have done in America what Francis Asbury did; Wesley was unfitted for such a career. American Methodism came from the brain and heart of Asbury, rather than Wesley. He took charge of a movement unpopular and often ridiculed, with three hundred and sixteen members, and when the mantle fell from his shoulders, there were two hundred and fourteen thousand Methodists, governed by bishops, and ministered to by seven hundred ordained preachers, and more than two thousand local preachers, many of them doing the work of a circuit rider; not merely on the roll of a conference record, but men with "gifts and graces," and besides many exhorters throughout the Church.

Francis Asbury travelled on an average of six thousand miles annually—not a big task today, but then, almost superhuman. He preached almost daily, and often several times a day. He was calm in temperament, bold, aggressive, and enthusiastic; but unflinching in the face of duty. No man has more truly interpreted the early life of a great country. A score or more biographies have been written of Francis Asbury, but the contribution he made to the religious morale of America can never be exaggerated. Truly, he was the "Knight of the Long Trail"!

## XIX

### JONATHAN EDWARDS

**T**HOSE who are schooled in the Wesleyan Arminian theology can hardly understand how error may bless a people, and thrive in the building up of a community or denominational movement. The Holy Spirit is versatile in His powers and gifts, and can use a modicum of truth when it is backed by a devout, conscientious messenger in love with righteousness. We can understand how John Calvin could establish a great system of theology on a false premise, and drive to logical conclusions his theories; but centuries later, with opportunities for Bible interpretation, we are unable to fathom the mystery of Jonathan Edwards. Since the days when the great logician and theologian ruled all Switzerland, a greater exponent of his system than Jonathan Edwards has not lived. He was a man of unswerving honesty, conscientious to the point of severity, uncompromising to the sacrifice of place and popularity. His standards of right were as unchanging as the "laws of the Medes and Persians."

Jonathan Edwards was a striking contradiction in another direction; he was a burning evangelist, seeking as the primary motive of his ministry the salvation of men. Just how this great scholar and metaphysician could reconcile such zeal with his ultra-Calvinism is past understanding. He launched a spiritual awakening that has scarcely been excelled in any land, confined to so small an area as he was. There is no place for genuine evangelism in a creed that places the whole matter in the hands of a sovereign God; and such is Calvinism in its last analysis. But sinners by hundreds, perhaps thousands, were convicted of sin and



found salvation in a degree unknown in that country then, or since. But behind his theological errors was one of the strongest personalities of our American life, surcharged with the Holy Spirit, and sincere to the last motive power of mind and soul. He was a man of extraordinary talents, and they were all put to the exchangers for God's glory and a lost world.

Jonathan Edwards was born at Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703. We know very little of his childhood life, or his religious environments. It must be inferred that he was given careful and continuous educational advantages, as he entered Yale College at the age of *thirteen*, and in the year 1717 received his degree of B.A., a fact most unusual—graduating from college scarcely fifteen years of age, and winning this honour in one year. One of two things is certain: either the requirements of graduation then were not equal to the average high school now, or else this lad was a genius to be able to cover the course in such a short time.

His scholarship was well established and recognized, as he was appointed as a teacher in his *alma mater* at the age of twenty; a position he filled with distinguished success. One year before he became a professor at Yale he was licensed to preach, and for four years he was both teacher and preacher. In the year 1726 he was invited to become a colleague with his maternal grandfather, Rev. Mr. Stoddard, in a church at Northampton, Conn. In this pulpit he remained for twenty-three years, and was the outstanding preacher of New England. He became a man of one purpose—a messenger to lost men. All his studies in metaphysics and deep problems of theology had but one objective—the awakening of men in sin. So terrific were his messages to the lost and impenitent, that great fear fell upon his congregations. One sermon that made an impression on his hearers, from which they never recovered, was: "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." It was said that strong men quaked with fear, and some almost lost their

reason; others literally held to the pews as if to save themselves from slipping into hell.

In the year 1734, the spiritual awakening began to make an appearance in his own congregation, and slowly gathered momentum until it swept over all bounds in 1740-41. In this noted revival, many hundreds were converted in Northampton. Edwards wrote about this revival, which was his first literary contribution to the religious press. This was the title: "A faithful narrative of the surprising work of God in the conversion of hundreds of souls in Northampton." His name from this time became a household word in all the religious circles of America.

Yet the aftermath of this unusual visitation of God's power seems to have been what is often observed at the present time: indifference, backslidings, and grosser sins. Also, it is significant to note that the leaders, or governing members of this congregation were not especially influenced by the "revival." Very soon a serious breach developed between the pastor and his official board. This was brought about by two things: first, the pastor forbid, with great vehemence, the unconverted and worldly approaching of the communion table; this aroused much indignation among the wealthy and social elite of the church. He wrote a work entitled, *Conditions for Those Who Take Communion*.

He had lost favour with many previous to this by his bitter denunciation of obscene literature being circulated among the people. All of which brings out clearly, that there are certain groups in every congregation who will not pay the price for genuine holiness of heart. That part of the Northampton church who protested against Jonathan Edwards, and did not cease the agitation until they accomplished their desire—the dismissal of the pastor—are the ones who took no part in the revival which he had been the means of bringing to the city. This rupture occurred in 1750, nine years after the greatest revival that ever visited New England. The schism began to brew shortly after the manifestation of divine power among the people; which is

the best evidence that the work he wrought was genuine. There are churches by the score that are never molested by Satanic combinations; the people and pastor go on and on, in perfect harmony, but when things begin to happen, the forces of darkness are always aroused.

After Jonathan Edwards was dismissed from his church he became a missionary to the Indians of Massachusetts. While working among them, he lived at Stockbridge, and having more leisure than before, devoted much time to writing. The two books he published at this time placed him among the foremost metaphysicians and deep reasoners of that, or any other century. One was the *Freedom of the Will*, the other, *Original Sin*. In the year 1757, he was chosen president of Princeton College, and assumed the responsibilities of this position in January, 1758. But two months later he was stricken with smallpox, and died March 22, of that year, serving as president of this old institution scarcely three months.

Scholars of all creeds regard Jonathan Edwards as a master of dogmatic theology. One noted preacher and writer says of him: "He ranks as one of the brightest luminaries of the Christian Church, not excluding any country, or any age, since the days of the Apostles." His pronounced characteristics, besides that of his evangelistic fervour, were depths and comprehensiveness in arguments. It is said that his treatise of theological issues—many of them—have never been answered. The age of religious polemics has passed, and it may, or may not be, a blessing; but if the times called for it, such as the days when this man lived, no books of religious controversy would be more popular than his, whether for or against them.

He wrote on various religious themes, such as *Religious Affections*, *History of Redemption*, *Qualifications for Communion*, *The End for Which God Created the World*, and *The True Value of Christian Virtue*. His complete works have been published in ten volumes. Edwards was known as a severe reasoner and profound writer on metaphysical

themes; but the man cannot be justly estimated for his true worth by these things alone. He exerted a profound influence on his age in other respects; his unusual powers of mind, and his ability as a preacher, gained for him a reputation, world-wide; but those who were closely in touch with him, as he lived in life's relationships, loved him devotedly. He was the embodiment of humility and modesty, exemplifying the Christian virtues he preached to others, rare spiritual graces, mingled with rich mental gifts. The Bible was the man of his counsel, and was free from all bigotry and intellectual conceit; he was scholar enough to be humble.

When we view the man, born as he was, in an obscure village, in a thinly settled country surrounded by vast forests, out of touch with centres of learning, graduating from a college scarcely equal to a present-day academy, living daily under the strain of a profession, from such an origin forging to the front as an international character, it is evident that he was a rare genius. With all these hindrances, he became proficient in classic and Hebrew literature, physics, mathematics, mental philosophy, history, chronology, and ethics.

One of his greatest books was written in a little over four months, during which time he preached twice each Sabbath, and twice to the Indians, through an interpreter, and met classes, each week, of children belonging to both Indian tribes. Long before he was known as a writer, his fame as a preacher had gone to every English-speaking country in the world. He made no claims, nor did his friends, at pulpit eloquence; but there was a stamp of genuineness, pouring forth every energy of the soul, until his hearers forgot all about style and pulpit mannerisms; they were gripped from the opening sentence to the benediction by a mighty message in which the Spirit of God was imparted. His sermons were the literal dynamics of heaven; but there was a great man back of his message. The human element is, after all, the last analysis of success, if the human is surcharged with



the divine. He seemed always conscious of the presence of God and caused his hearers to feel the same way. His knowledge of human nature, based upon his knowledge of the Word of God, and skilled in mental philosophy, and a rich experience of grace, gave him access to the consciences of men that was almost uncanny.

A writer, speaking of his preaching, says: "He laid out his strength in the application, speaking to the consciences of his hearers, applying to different characters the important ideas of the sermon, and closing with a solemn and earnest appeal to every feeling and principle of human nature. He counselled, exhorted, warned, expostulated, as if he was determined not to stop without convincing and persuading every man."

Jonathan Edwards was a great pastor; although his visitations were confined to the sick and afflicted, he had a very personal knowledge of his flock and their need. Evidence of his pastoral oversight was that, in special revival seasons, the multitudes thronged him to unburden their sinful hearts. There is some conjecture as to his church affiliation; he was supposed to be a Presbyterian; but he was bigger than any church or creed; he belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ, and contended for nothing but the truth of God, as he understood it. Jonathan Edwards would have found fellowship in what is known today as the International Holiness Associations, and he rigidly sought, claimed, and preached holy living as paramount above all creeds.

There are two graves in the Princeton University cemetery—near each other. One is the grave of Jonathan Edwards—a name honoured and loved; the other is the grave of his grandson, Aaron Burr. Burr inherited all the genius of mind and personality of his illustrious grandsire; but when a young man he came to the parting of the ways, and rejected the Christ, so gloriously exalted by Jonathan Edwards. Writers of history, and the generations following the two men, may easily judge which man chose the better way.



## XX

### GEORGE MULLER

**N**OT since Augustine was delivered from a life of profligacy to sainthood, has there been such a radical character contrast, as that of George Muller, the founder of the Bristol Orphanage. The only difference was that Muller sank to depths of degradation and dishonour, never approached by Augustine. We stand amazed in the presence of a man like him who, until twenty years of age, was a thief, a consummate liar, an embezzler, a drunkard, a gambler, and all the other lower vices which belong to a life given over to every evil passion.

When we become familiar with this man's life, how that he demonstrated with as much certainty—even as the Apostle Paul—the dependableness of God's answer to prayer, more than any man of modern times; and travelled with him through the slime of his young manhood, it is a miracle as great as anything accomplished when, or since, Christ was upon earth. The Scripture George Muller used much in his life, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever," has a new demonstration for the whole world. With this man, it was a fact.

His father was a German, in the employ of the Prussian Government, living at Kroppemsteadt, at the time of his birth, September 27, 1805. When he was less than five years old, the family moved to Hammerslaben, and finally located at Madgeburg. The family loved him so much, and was so indulgent with him, that it helped the lad in his selfish depravity. So much money was given him that, when he did not have what he wanted, would steal from any source to satisfy his wants. Before he was ten years old, he

stole regularly from the government fund in possession of his father.

In spite of these things, and neither of the parents being religious, his father wanted George to become a minister. With the German people—many of them—the ministry was a profession, to be followed as a way to get a living; an idea held yet by those people. The call of God to this sacred work does not enter into the choice. George agreed with his father's programme of life, and spent years in college, living in the most flagrant sins, and at the same time preparing for the ministry.

At the age of eleven, his father entered him at the cathedral school at Halbestadt, and the lad mixed his studies with novel-reading, card-playing, and drinking. While his mother lay dead at home, he was reeling on the streets, intoxicated—in a wild debauch; and this at the age of fourteen. At the time of his confirmation, he went through the preparatory studies, and when the time came, he withheld nearly all of the fee, given him by his father for this purpose. In the year 1821, he was placed in the school at Madgeburg, and from here he ran away, put up at expensive hotels, forged checks on his father, left bills unpaid, and was finally arrested for his forgery, and sent to prison. When the father heard of this disgrace, he sent the money at once, and had him released. After this, there were some signs of reform—to the delight of the father; but, as he tells us, at heart he was as wicked as ever. His repentance was but a sham.

We shall now see the turning-point in his life. The second period in the career of George Muller began a Saturday evening in November, 1825, when a student friend invited him to go with him to a meeting, where some devout people, simple-hearted, met and sang, prayed and explained the Bible as best they could. The feature of the meeting which gripped this young degenerate, was seeing people kneel in prayer; this he had never seen before. It was the beginning of his conviction, and before retiring for the

night, he, too, got on his knees *and prayed*. This was while a student at Halle. We do not pretend to explain the seeming lack of restitution which should have obtained in his conversion; but, step by step, there was wrought the salvation of one who became the greatest saint of nearly two millenniums; he literally came out of darkness into light.

We wish to notice some vital steps which obtained in the transformation of this young profligate student, which proved the genuineness of his conversion. 1. At the time, he was translating a French novel into the German, and expected to use the money received in taking a pleasure trip in southern Europe. This was abandoned, and he turned it over to another. 2. He discovered the preciousness of God's Word, as in it he saw revealed the love of God in Christ. 3. Early in his Christian experience, Muller felt a decided call to do missionary work, and about the same time fell desperately in love with a beautiful girl. So the third acid test of his love to God above all carnal considerations, was the giving up of the girl he loved, who did not exactly agree with his convictions. 4. The last lesson test, which gave a very clear indication as to his future work, was his absolute dependence upon God for all his needs. The vessel was being prepared as clay in the hands of the Divine Potter.

There were about one hundred passages of Scripture which Muller marked and digested in the days of his religious formation, and were the magnets of divine truth upon which he based his life's activities. They were clear-cut statements and promises which he believed throughout his entire life. We will note a few, as follows: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my pathway;" "Cursed is the man who trusteth in men, and maketh flesh his arm;" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do;" "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" "Take no thought

of your life, what ye shall eat, and what ye shall drink; nor yet your body, what ye shall put on;" "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord;" "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart;" "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them;" "Jehovah Jireh" (The Lord will provide); "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose;" "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

From these we can easily understand the effect upon a life when they were believed in childlike simplicity. These mighty promises were accepted by George Muller at one hundred per cent par value; and upon such promises he built up the most marvellous superstructure known in the history of religious faith. His Beacon Light shone in first magnitude splendour. The providence of God in the lives of such men as Moses, Elijah, and Paul, were no more wonderful than God's dealings with this man in the nineteenth century.

The first religious impulse of George Muller was a seeming call to the mission field; however, while yet a student at Halle, he received free lodging and board at the Orphan House, founded by one A. H. Franke, more than one hundred years before, and was built by faith, and was still in existence. Here was an object lesson of trust in God, from which he was never able to free his mind. This Orphanage was a visible, tangible demonstration that God hears prayer, and had enabled His servant to care for orphans while he lived, and established a work enduring through the century, as Franke had been dead for that length of time. The germ idea of Muller's work at Bristol, England, was planted while a student at Halle, and a beneficiary of the famous institution.

Mr. Muller became a pastor at Teignmouth, in 1830; but he very soon found that he could not conscientiously serve in such a capacity, as it would mean a stipulated salary

which, of necessity, must depend upon the people being assessed so much, or from pew rentals; all of which could not be reconciled with a life of faith. In 1830, George Muller was married to Miss Mary Groves, a lady in perfect sympathy with the religious convictions of her husband, and proved to be a God-send helpmeet in his work for more than forty years. She was a mother to the orphans throughout all those wonderful years. The pulpit was resigned, and this young couple was left without resources, entirely dependent upon the Lord.

We now come to the final field of labour to which, beyond a doubt, God had raised him up. At each step he had been hindered in his missionary plans, although he had made application to the Berlin Missionary Society. Mr. Muller had a devoted friend, Mr. Craik, who had gone to Bristol, England, for a few weeks' preaching engagement. Mr. Muller soon joined him there; and it was soon made plain that God had a much wider sphere of work for them than a pulpit, or work on a mission field; although both of them continued to preach, and God honoured their ministry in the salvation of men. In 1834, the first seeds were sown which ultimately terminated in this young saint finding himself in the will of God. It was the initial step in founding the greatest orphanage in the world. At the beginning, this staunch German character settled upon a financial system from which he never deviated one iota in all the remaining years.

First, it was to be a life of faith alone. Second, neither he nor any of his helpers should tell any one their needs. Third, help should not be solicited from any source, whatsoever. Fourth, that all needs for buildings, food, clothing, fuel, etc., must come through the avenue of prayer to God. George Muller became absolutely certain that he was in the will of his Father in heaven, touching this work; the pathway was clear, and in co-operation with his friend, Mr. Craik, the enterprise was launched. The orphans came, and never before they could be cared for.



The first Orphan House was in a rented building, on a resident street, and of this the community objected to the noise; whereupon the necessity for a building with suitable grounds for the cultivation of vegetables, etc., was felt. This situation became clear to Mr. Muller in October, 1845, and just one month later, one thousand pounds donation was received for this purpose. Prayer was then made for a suitable site, and at last Ashley Downs was suggested. The price was two hundred pounds an acre; but Mr. Muller waited, and prayed, and finally this choice plot was given him at one hundred and twenty-five pounds an acre, a saving of seventy-five pounds on each acre. Then an architect from London offered his services free. Two hundred and twelve days of waiting on the Lord, and only twenty-seven hundred pounds in hand for the enterprise.

Step by step, the work went on, and in twelve years from the opening of the institution in a "hired house," the children were transferred to the new Orphan House, at Ashley Downs, and in May, 1850, the House was formally opened with two hundred and seventy-five children. The building programme in the construction of this enterprise is a record as authentic as the doings of the English Parliament. The material and labour were paid for from day to day; although many days opened with nothing in sight. Time and again, the situation was without a ray of human hope, whereby the needs were to be met; but at no crisis did the resources fail.

A diary was kept by Mr. Muller and, when published, was given the title, *God's Dealings with George Muller*, which required more than a million words to tell the story. In this diary he tells us that more than *fifty thousand times* God definitely answered prayer, and came to the rescue, when despair was stalking about. We must not fail to mention the fact, that this marvellous servant of God was not without his fierce personal battles; he was a man of like passions with us all, and many times his faith was tried to the limit. Times, not a few, Satan tempted him sorely for entering upon such a soul-yearning career, he says the Arch

Enemy often suggested doubts, as to the wisdom of trying to do such a work by the way of faith.

One year after the first house was opened, a programme was started for the erection of "Orphan House No. 2." In November, 1857, this building was opened with accommodations for four hundred extra children, and with a surplus of twenty-three hundred pounds left. So marvellously had the work grown, and with surplus as a nucleus, they at once began plans for "Orphan House No. 3." In March, 1862, this building was opened and filled with children; there remaining ten thousand pounds for current expenses.

In 1866, there were thirty-four thousand pounds in hand for the building of "Orphan House No. 4," and one year later, "Orphan House No. 5" was begun, and in 1868, "No. 4" was finished, and in 1870, "No. 5" was finished. Thus in forty-six years, five great buildings were erected, filled with children—the capacity being about two thousand—and all of them were paid for before they were opened. Besides caring for two thousand children, a large force of servants, matrons, and teachers were housed, fed, and paid. George Muller had followed the "Pillar of Cloud and Fire," and each morning the manna fell, and the water supply was never exhausted; he literally gathered millions of wealth, giving food and shelter to an average of two thousand children annually, without asking any human being for help. Through the efficacy of prayer to the Great Father, before whom he stood, as Elijah of old, the ravens of supply came daily unto the end—a triumph of faith—monumental in the extreme.

## XXI

### CHARLES G. FINNEY

A GENUINE revival never fails of two effects: It is either the most popular movement in religious circles, or the most despised, misunderstood, and misrepresented phase of Christian activity imaginable. There is a type of evangelism that is universally popular; it gets applause, favourable comment, and indorsement from all creeds, or no creed. It is the kind that opens up with the spectacular. "The keys of the city," as it were, "are turned over." Committees have been busy organizing, mobilizing, lining up all groups, from the Shirt-Makers' Union to the Knights of Pythias and Red Men. A great chorus sings, with catchy witticisms from the song leader; everybody happy; everybody smiling. Such a programme continues for weeks; many speeches are heard from leading laymen; finances hold the centre of the stage. The conversions reported every night are devoid of any signs that go before, or that follow.

A revival inspired by the Holy Ghost is as far removed from the above manifestation, as a county fair is from an old-time camp meeting. A revival deals primarily with sin, the consequences and retribution that follow; there is no place for applause and jollification. It deals with eternal principles; men are brought face to face with impending doom. A revival comes by definite emphasis being placed on the doctrines of salvation, such as human depravity, repentance, new birth, holiness of heart, and the Judgment. The Holy Ghost can use only these truths in the promotion of a revival. There are evangelists and *evangelists*. Charles G. Finney was an evangelist full of the Holy Ghost and

faith; during his life he preached and prayed down a revival that swept the large cities of two or three states.

This extraordinary man was born in Warren, Connecticut, August 29, 1792. Two years later his father moved to Oneida County, New York, at that time a veritable wilderness. Neither of his parents was religious, and there were very few among the neighbours who made even a profession of any sort of faith. Common schools were established, and to them young Finney had access until he was fifteen years of age. The family then moved near Sacket Harbour, where religion was without any representation whatever.

Having studied diligently, young Finney returned to Connecticut, hoping to enter Yale College. His teacher, a graduate of Yale, persuaded him not to enter, as he could study under him privately, and finish the course in much less time. However, he did not continue his studies, but went to New Jersey, where he taught school for two or three years. The religious services in that locality were mostly in the German language.

For a while Mr. Finney attended the ministry of an old man who read his sermons, and from which he derived no religious instruction. After this, he returned to New York, where he entered a law school at Adams, and, as he says, "as ignorant as a heathen" of the Bible and divine things. But, while here he came under the influence of an educated minister, a graduate of Princeton. Without any special interest, he attended preaching services, and the prayer meetings. He heard them pray for a revival, for the Holy Ghost, and for almost everything, but he comments: "they never seemed to get any answer to their prayers; the revival did not come, and the Holy Ghost was not poured out." These things, in the face of his own spiritual blindness, kept him in great confusion of mind.

However, the sense of the need of God grew on him, and he anxiously sought the truth, which resulted in a wonderful conversion. It happened on a Sunday, in October, 1821; he became desperate, and decided that matters must

be settled between himself and God. He tells us that when he became in earnest seeking God, he found his heart full of pride, and selfish cowardice. For two or three days he agonized, sought privately, but did not want any one to see him reading the Bible, or appearing anxious. At last, when he determined to seek God with his whole heart, regardless of folks, all burden and sense of guilt left him; conviction was gone, and then, it occurred to him, that he had committed the Unpardonable Sin. The soul ease he experienced was a great mystery to him. But before the week was over, he promised the Lord he would preach the Gospel, pray in public, and dare to be seen reading his Bible; the peace of God came into his soul. He came upon Romans 12:1, and then and there he made the entire consecration of his whole being—the “living sacrifice;” whereupon the Holy Ghost came on him with such a baptism, such waves of glory and power swept and filled his being, he asked the Lord to stay His hand. From that hour Charles G. Finney was a sanctified vessel for the Master’s use.

He was a lawyer, and had loved the profession; but the next day one of his clients came to his office, reminding him that their case was to come up at ten o’clock. Then Mr. Finney told the astonished man that he held a retainer for the Lord Jesus Christ, and had to plead his cause, that he could no longer serve him, moved at once by the sudden impulse, that if he was to preach, he must get at it. During the first week, he preached by conversation, and many were brought under conviction and saved. In the community there were many Universalists, and among Mr. Finney’s personal friends; several were actually convicted, as they felt the strange power and zeal of this young attorney, as he preached to them privately of this great salvation. Finney was a God-sent man, with one objective—the salvation of men.

From the beginning, he had much difficulty with the ministers; most of them were Calvinists and believed in a



*limited atonement*. They urged him to go to Princeton, and prepare to be a preacher, offering to defray all his expenses. He refused and, when pressed, told them he did not want to go where they taught such doctrines. Being a lawyer by training, he was soon convinced of the errors of Calvinism.

In spite of his objections to the doctrines, he was finally licensed to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church and placed under a scholarly minister named Gale, who was to direct and teach him theology. This course was nothing more nor less than a controversy. Once when Mr. Finney had preached before his teacher he told him in subdued passion: "Mr. Finney, wherever you go, I shall be ashamed to have it known that you studied theology under me." This man was destined to be an apostle to the multitudes, with a tongue of fire received at Pentecost; the Paraclete had taken the things of Christ and showed them unto him, among them, the truth of an *unlimited atonement*.

Having had no ministerial training, Mr. Finney decided to go into needy fields and work as a missionary. With this in view, he secured a commission from a missionary society and went at once into Jefferson County, New York, to the town of LeRay, where the Evans Mills were located. There were two small congregations—a Baptist and Congregational—neither of which owned a church building; they used the schoolhouse alternately. He went also to Antwerp, sixteen miles farther, and arranged for a Sunday service. The people packed the house at every service; but finally he grew restless, and informed them that he was not there to please them, or entertain them; but to secure their salvation. Thus far, they had rejected his Master, and that unless they were going to become Christians, he was going elsewhere. To this end he voted his crowd. Not one promised to become a Christian; and before the benediction he informed that that one more service would close his labours among them. The people were dumbfounded, and many of them were angry at this seeming insult. The next day

was spent in fasting and prayer. Before the hour of service, the house was packed to suffocation; he tells us that God seemed to turn loose all the powers of His being. Great conviction fell upon the people; men and women fell under the power. Evil men tried to stir up trouble, and many of the leaders were visited by terrible calamities—even sudden death with some of them. Great fear came upon the community, and the revival swept it like a fire. Such was the beginning of a career unequalled in religious history.

At once, Charles G. Finney was a storm centre of ministerial criticism and wrath. They denounced his undignified pulpit manners, especially his message of full and free salvation for all men, from all sin. But he was God's man. The only reputation those men ever attained was that they criticized a great man. A sceptic returning home one night in great distress of mind, was asked by his wife, if he had heard Mr. Finney preach. "No," he replied, "he explains what others preach."

Mr. Finney then went to Antwerp, where he found, as he says, "a veritable Sodom and Gomorrah;" vile profanity could be heard anywhere on the streets. The one church building was closed, as the Universalists had made it impossible for them to even attempt holding religious services. The man who held the key refused to open it for the evangelist. A school building was secured, and announcement scattered throughout the town. Long before the hour for service the thugs and rowdies had almost filled the place. Again Mr. Finney spent the entire day, after completing arrangements, in fasting and prayer, far out in the woods. That night his message was on the destruction of Sodom, making the application to Antwerp, and calling on them to "escape for their lives." It was the thunderings of Sinai, and the wrath of God; at first, the crowd mumbled their anger, low cursings were heard over the house; but, like lightning from the sky, conviction fell on the whole house; men and women fell to the floor, as if struck down,

and cried and shrieked in fear and agony. The impact of truth struck terror to sin-burdened hearts.

We have mentioned in some detail these two revivals, as they are typical of his long career in the field; it was the beginning of America's greatest evangelist. Just such manifestations characterized the labours of Charles G. Finney. Universalists, infidels, rowdies, preachers, churchmen, and criminals fought him at every turn; but God crowned his ministry with demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Finney held sweeping revivals in twenty-five of the largest cities of America, and in no place did he fail to produce the unusual results. In addition to these great American campaigns, he made two visits to England, where the largest halls could not accommodate his crowds.

The most constructive achievement of his life was the founding and developing of Oberlin College, in Ohio. From the beginning of his ministry, he had been a zealous advocate of Christian Perfection, or Sanctification, a doctrine as bitterly opposed then as now; a storm of opposition came in from everywhere, especially in Presbyterian circles. This opposition was championed by such men as Dr. Lyman Beecher and Doctor Hodge, of Princeton. The "Oberlin Theology" was the bone of contention in every church assembly. But Mr. Finney taught this theology at Oberlin for over forty years, and was also the pastor of the First Church in that city. John Wesley said that Christian Holiness was the Depositum of Methodism; all the early leaders of this movement, viz., Adam Clark, John Fletcher, Richard Watson, etc., were ardent exponents of the doctrine. Here arises a man, reared in a different religious atmosphere, and unacquainted with the traditions of Methodism; and yet he finds this gracious truth has a new field of theology. Finney came into this experience, and preached it faithfully until his death. Theories and creedal technicalities can be reduced to arguments and reason; but experience cannot be subjected to logic and syllogisms. The doctrine of Entire Sanctification, as an experience re-

ceived subject to Regeneration, has been experienced by the best brain of the Church, and the death-knell is sounded with it does not find a place in the Gospel message. In 1824, the Episcopal Address of the Methodist Church declared that when she gave up this doctrine, she would be "a fallen church." In this field, he was preaching continually, holding revivals, lecturing on evangelism, and writing books. He stood without a peer in the realm of vital righteousness and Bible salvation. The college prospered in spite of all opposition, but the success was not through the human agencies of "educational programmes," but because the school stood for apostolic faith.

This sketch has had only to do with Finney as a revivalist, but his life broadened out as scholar, theologian, and author. With all the honours that were given this extraordinary man, in this country and England, he did not for a moment lower the standard of his faith. He resigned as pastor of the Oberlin church five years before he died, but retained his connection with the seminary, preaching as often as his health would permit. Charles G. Finney died August 16, 1875, within two weeks of his eighty-third birthday. Thus passed away the reincarnation of apostolic faith, applied not only in theory, but actual experiences.

## XXII

### DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THE idea of social cast, based on a presumption of nobility, for many centuries held a supreme place in the English mind. Not even the successful merchant or scholar could attain to peerage. The nobility was separated from the rest of mankind by a great gulf that was eternally *fixed*. The change came slowly, but it came, and this great Anglo-Saxon race has at last been able to recognize her true nobleman, and caused her Wesleys and Livingstones to be buried in Westminster—the English Tomb of Kings.

When we think of England's military and naval heroes, our mind at once associates the names of Wellington and Nelson; when we think of her great statesmen, the names of Pitt and Gladstone; when we think of noble sovereigns—the names of Alfred, Elizabeth, and Victoria hold first place; when we think of her men of letters, the names of Scott, Dickens, and Tennyson stand out full-orbed; when we think of her religious reformers, the names of Cranmer, Wesley, and Booth have no superiors; when we think of her missionaries, the names of Paton, Taylor, and Carey shine out in glorious splendour; when *we think of the world's greatest* pathfinder of righteousness, there is but one name—David Livingstone. He was not a constructive missionary, in the sense of planting the Gospel and establishing permanent religious civilization; but as an explorer of a whole continent, as an ambassador of Jesus Christ, David Livingstone stands alone. He came of an origin, humble and obscure; his parents and ancestors for several generations were poor—very poor; but in this child of destiny



burned latent fires of purpose and ambition. He was born at Blantyre, Scotland, 1813, and at the age of ten was placed in a cotton mill to assist as a bread-winner for a large family, and his first wage was a whole half crown (sixty cents); but this did not cool the ambitions of this lad. He worked thirteen hours a day, and attended classes at night, after which he would often study until midnight. He devoured every book he could get his hands upon; his strenuous life of hard labour had taught him the value of time; his moments were carefully garnered. The holiday season meant much to young David, as it gave him time to roam the woods, searching for botanical, zoological, and geological specimens, for which he seemed to have an innate passion. These early inclinations were the foretokens of his life, spent amid the wild jungles, where nature ran riot in such things.

The conversion of David Livingstone was not brought about in the ordinary way; at the age of twelve, he became anxious about his spiritual condition. He felt keenly the burden of sin, and often he was almost in despair over his lost condition. Relief did not come for many years, as he evidently had poor, if any, religious opportunities. He was about twenty years of age when he read *Dick's Philosophy of the Future State*. This book solved his difficulties; he saw that ample provision was made for his salvation in the Atonement, and all he must do was to seek God with his whole heart. This new experience thrilled his whole being, and at once he seemed to hear an indistinct call from the depths, and his whole heart responded—"Anywhere in God's service I am willing to go." <sup>h</sup> He found a spiritual adviser in the person of David Hogg, of Blantyre, and this was what he told the young man: "Now, my lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you." From this wise counsel David Livingstone never wavered. Even among savage cannibals, he was a true exponent of the spirit of Christ.

Finally, he gave up his work at the mill and went to Glasgow, where he attended medical lectures at the Glasgow University; at the same time studied theology. His first call to the mission field was China, but a fierce opium war broke out about this time and changed his plans. At this period of indiscretion, he came in contact with Rev. Robert Moffat, a renowned African missionary who was touring England. Livingstone applied to the London Missionary Society, and was ordained as a medical missionary in November, 1840. Before leaving, early the next morning, as he spent but one night at home, he read the One Hundred and Twenty-first Psalm, and prayed for those whom he loved, but would see no more.

He sailed from Liverpool, and his course was by way of South America to the Cape of Good Hope. He saw Brazil, and this was the only time he ever saw the Western Hemisphere. They landed in Cape Town, where he spent some time, but finally reached the mission station of Kuruman, the headquarters of the Moffats. While at this place, and at other short periods, Livingstone enjoyed the only fellowship of his long career. The Moffats were to his hungry soul an oasis in the desert, and he was happily married to Mary Moffat, the eldest daughter. He found in her an ideal companion and missionary helpmeet. But, in the Providence of God, this hero of the Cross enjoyed but little home pleasures; for sixteen years he explored the wilds of darkest Africa, walking, riding on oxen, wading streams, and meeting constantly hostile tribes. The preservation of his life was nothing short of the Providence of God. Scarcely a year through that long period, but he was stricken with fever, as flies, mosquitoes and poisonous ticks swarmed the jungle swamps. He often had scarcely any nourishing food and the nursing of faithful black men. But he journeyed on far into the interior, made some great geographic discoveries, among them the great Ngimi Lake, and the falls which he named for Queen Victoria. These falls rival in beauty and grandeur the Niagara Falls. He explored

the entire Jambesi River and most of its tributaries, and in his report to the Society he told that he found thirty-two edible roots, and forty-three varieties of fruits growing wild.

The whole purpose of Livingstone's life was changed very soon after he began his explorations. At first he sought suitable places where missionary stations could be established; but he made another discovery that caused him to change the objective of his life in a large measure; it was the African slave trade. It was evident that little could be done teaching the natives the religion of Christ, while the white man continued to carry on the murderous traffic. Often the lives of Livingstone's party were in imminent danger from hostile tribes, because they believed them to be searching for slaves. It became the ambition of Livingstone's life to break up this cruel traffic in human beings.

Livingstone made daily notes of all his discoveries, which data was invaluable to the Royal Geographical Society. It is very tedious to follow this man in his wanderings of years. His family had returned to England, where the older children were placed in school. Mrs. Livingstone and the youngest child returned to Africa, where she was soon stricken with fever and died. From the death of his precious wife, this man became more and more zealous to finish his task of exploring interior Africa; he found that his discoveries had given new emphasis to the slave trade, rather than retarding it. All along the waterways and deserted villages, skeletons were seen and decaying bodies of the poor natives who had been shot down either in trying to escape or in defending wives and children.

For two years no word had been received from Livingstone. The report was sent to England that he was dead, and the facts could not be ascertained. Finally, James Gordon Bennett, of *The New York Herald*, fitted up an expedition headed by Henry Morton Stanley, to go in search of this man, and to spare no expense in accomplishing it.

While interested friends were anxiously searching for him, he was passing through the bitterest trials of his life. His stores, medicines, and food animals had been stolen by traitors and hostile tribes, until he was reduced almost to starvation. Exposure and hunger had almost brought to an end this sacrificial life. But Stanley pushed his way along from Zanzibar to Ujiji, and at last found David Livingstone in great destitution. This was in 1871.

Stanley spent nearly a year with Livingstone, urging him to return to England; but he would not leave until he had solved the geographical problems he had undertaken. Stanley and Livingstone parted in March, 1873, Livingstone promising to spend only one more year in Africa; and then pushed ahead to the Lake Bangweulu. Another year passed, and no news from Livingstone, whereupon, in March, 1873, a relief expedition under Lieutenant Cameron was sent in search of him. In October he learned of Livingstone's death, and it was not known until a party of natives arrived at Unyanyembo with the body. He had been stricken with dysentery at Chitambo's village Ilala. The faithful watchers found him at daylight on his knees, dead, beside his rude couch of grass.

They removed his heart and buried it under a tree, near where his great soul slipped away from its tired tenement; and other viscera being removed, the body was dried and wrapped, placed between a rude stretcher, so that two men could carry it. So the black servants bore the precious body of David Livingstone fifteen hundred miles, a journey lasting for nine months. Lieutenant Cameron took charge of the body, and after nearly a year, over land and sea, they reached England, and this great hero sleeps among the nation's greatest men.

The question may be asked, what did Livingstone accomplish in thirty-three years of lonely travelling, suffering from fevers, hunger, and once almost torn to pieces by a lion? He added a million square miles to the map of the known world; he left believers in Jesus Christ wherever he

went; his labours have borne fruit in that the cruel slave trade has almost disappeared from the earth. For one whose life was sacrificed to suffering and hardship—hunger of soul and body—no man that ever lived more entirely placed his all on the altar of a noble ideal, than David Livingstone.

We hear much about the "Regions Beyond," at conventions and big missionary drives; but when we compare the labours of David Livingstone with modern torch-bearers it is like moonbeams compared with the scorching sun rays. Think of this lonely man spending year in and year out among life at its lowest ebb; then consider the modern missionary with comfortable quarters, with servants for every household duty. David Livingstone blazes in the firmament of Christian zeal as a star of the first magnitude, than whom there has been no greater since the journeys of St. Paul. The life he lived was greater than martyrdom—it was a living martyrdom, with scarce a rift in the dark skies of the world's darkest region.



## XXIII

JOHN G. PATON

**A**S an introduction to this chapter, we wish to give the readers a picture—a group of islands, far away in the South Seas, many miles removed from other bodies of land. There are about thirty of those islands, covered with tropical vegetation, and swarming with human beings, under tribal authority. Many tribes occupy each of the islands, and they are generally at war, one with the other. They kill and eat human flesh; the victims of battle are prepared for their feasts. Young children taken from an enemy tribe are considered the rarest dish of all. These people wear no clothing, except a little grass apron swinging in front; the consciousness of sex is scarcely known among them. They paint their faces in many colours and wear ornaments for the head, of the most horrible character. Their minds are filled with the most terrible and enslaving superstitions.

Just such a people inhabited the New Hebrides, a group lying far off to the northeast of Australia. To these islands John G. Paton and his beautiful young wife entered as missionaries. A group of missionaries, years before, on the Island of Erromanga, led by Rev. John Williams, was clubbed to death, and feasted upon; others came later and met with the same fate. Only one of the group—the Island of Aneityum, had received the Gospel, and three thousand five hundred cannibals turned to Christianity.

The parents of John G. Paton were devout; the father had a prayer-room in the home, for secret prayer. There were eleven children in that Scotch family; it seems that John had been a special object of prayer since the day he

was born, May, 1824. The Patons lived near Dumfries, on the Braehead farm, in the southern part of Scotland. They were poor, and often the father was hard-pressed to feed and clothe his bairns; but at no time did they actually suffer for food; but their clothing was scarcely respectable. A near-famine visited that section once, when the potato crop failed, and Mr. Paton left his home to secure work. Sometimes the food was all gone; but the good mother would tuck her little ones to bed, and tell them God would send them food in the morning, and always, at the critical time, the food came. The children were schooled in such faith as this.

The Paton children were reared under strict religious environment, but the parents had the good judgment not to make their religion and the Sundays a burden. The father took long walks with the children in the woods, told them stories, and read them the best books available. One of the books which was a favourite with the family was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

John attended an academy for six weeks, but had to stop for lack of funds. His work had been the trade of his father, stocking weaver, and the boy sat for twelve hours at the stocking frame. He finally secured a position with some surveyors, where the hours were short, and the pay much better. The employer observed the studious habits of young Mr. Paton, and inquired of his ambitions; whereupon, he offered to promote him with much better wages, so he could find much time for study; but he did this with the understanding that John should bind himself to serve with the corps for seven years. This John refused to do. When asked why by his angry employer, he told him that he served another Master, and could not accept his offer. The man told him he could accept or be discharged. Here was one of the first tests of his religious character; he lost his position, but kept his self-respect.

He then went to the harvest-field, but found the work too heavy for him; but he held on until a letter came to him in answer to an application he had made in Glasgow. It was

with a large church, and his duties were to keep in touch with the absent members, and do any other religious work he wished to do. This position was the beginning of John G. Paton's religious career.

The work in Glasgow gave the young man a wide opportunity for service; besides having plenty of time to study in the schools, he visited the sick, distributed tracts, and often preached in prisons and on the streets. He did this work for ten years, and they were wonderful years, and fruitful in a large measure. He was connected finally with the Glasgow City Mission, and met his little groups anywhere he could find a place. He gathered the children of the poor, taught them, and often begged clothing for them. He was a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; the homes of drunkards and down-and-outs were his specialty, and not a few were won to a life of righteousness through his consecration and skill. The people of the underworld believed in him and caused the salvation of many. John G. Paton was a successful home mission soul-saver before he went to the heathen lands.

He was happy in the Glasgow City Mission; but all along through the years he was conscious that God had work for him to do in the far away South Sea Islands. The church of which he was a member had been trying for some time to get some volunteers for this field—the New Hebrides. Whereupon he applied to the board, and was accepted. When this news became known, every possible argument was brought to bear upon him, to persuade him to remain in his city mission work. "You are successful here at home," "the cannibals will eat you up," "it is the worst kind of folly for you to go," etc., etc. But there was one unexpected note of encouragement—it was from his father, who rejoiced and thanked God that his boy had been called to the heathen lands. "My son," his father said, "this was my work, but I did not obey, and now you can go for me."

Before Paton sailed for "regions beyond," he married a beautiful, cultured, and consecrated young woman—Miss

Mary Ann Robson; and together they sailed for the New Hebrides, not knowing which one of the group they would select for work. A great shock awaited them; once they landed, they could not conceive of such degradation and darkness. Both were filled with fear and dread at the sights which greeted them. "I am glad," he said to his wife, "that I did not know of such conditions, when the dear ones were trying to keep me in dear old Scotland; I doubt if I would have come."

The people were savage and treacherous beyond description; they would steal anything they could find about the mission-house. They spent little time on the island of Aneityum, where the Gospel had in part gotten some hold; here were other missionaries and native Christians; but they sought as their field of labour the island of Tanna, where, as yet, no effort had succeeded in previous years. Here they were in danger every moment; times too many to count, their lives were in hopeless peril. They were there as God's advanced agents of the Kingdom, and every time deliverance came, and they were spared.

By and by, this fact took hold of the benighted minds of the natives; so many times they were determined to kill Paton, and each time disappointed, that it became a conviction that Jehovah was with him. They were almost afraid to try any more. Often their condition became more helpless, as poor food, and poorer water, caused them to be stricken by fever and many other diseases in the malaria and mosquito-infected country. They were relieved now and then by the appearance of a British man-of-war, which put the savages on their good behaviour, and promises for the future; but their promises were soon forgotten.

The first year they were on the island of Tanna, Mrs. Paton was stricken with fever, when her babe was only three weeks old, and died in a few days. The child soon followed, and the grief-stricken man was forced to face the task alone. It was almost more than he could endure—buried away from all loving associations, broken-hearted and



lonely. This heroic soul must face the perils day and night, without the companionship of his devoted wife. The blow was a test of his faith—greater than any of his experiences.

But Paton toiled on, preaching to them when he could get an audience; but they would not receive his message. Many long years it was a study of strategy to save his life; not one moment could he be off his guard, and finally had to escape by night from the island of Tanna, leaving it scarcely better than he found it. The tribes had rejected the Jehovah of the white man. Not one week passed but that he had literal "hairbreadth" escapes. Merchantmen and warships offered to take him away, but he would not leave. Notwithstanding he had spent many years, without any visible results, he preferred to carry on. Often his stores and books were stolen and destroyed; but he believed God had sent him, and he must not forsake his post.

The crisis came on the island of Tanna when a messenger came to tell him that all the tribes of the island had banded together to kill him on the morrow, and make a great feast of his flesh. There was one chief who had become a partial believer, Nowar, by name, and this friendly chief took him to the other island. Nowar soon became a believer, and remained faithful to Mr. Paton and his servant—Alexander—the convert from Aneityum. For once he lost heart of ever seeing Tanna turn to God; but he did. Gradually they were convinced, not being able to kill "Missi," the foundation was laid for others to build upon.

About this time Mr. Paton made a trip which put him before the civilized world. He toured Australia, America, and Scotland, with a message which gripped his great audiences with the story of the New Hebrides. Wherever he went the churches were profoundly impressed. The result was, that new recruits were added to his small force where, for many long years, not one convert, except Nowar, could be claimed. The eyes of Christendom were now centred on the South Sea Islands, where the lone man had



stood so long with no encouragement but his faith in God.

During his tour in Scotland, Mr. Paton married Miss Whitecross, a capable, devout young woman; he was now forty-five years of age. He did not return to Tanna when he went back to the field, but settled on the island of Aniwa; the natives were no more friendly there than in Tanna. But Providence gave Mr. Paton his chance for which he had waited so long. Water was scarce, and he proposed to the one friendly chief that they dig a well for water. "What, get rain from the dirt, poor Missi, your head is wrong!" But he trusted God, and set about to dig the well and, fortunately, it was not salty, and they found an abundance. The news spread over the island like wild-fire; it was a sensation. The tribes all came to see the rain from the ground, and then the chief addressed his people, and all with one accord came to believe in the God that "Missi" taught them about.

The next Sunday Mr. Paton preached a sermon on the well, and it was the end of cannibalism on the island of Aniwa; they brought their idols and burned them in the name of Mr. Paton's Jehovah. Churches and schools were then established; he translated the Bible in their language, and they were taught to read it. The written language was another wonder to them, how that Jehovah could speak out of the book. They were equally charmed by the music of the white man, and it touched their hearts.

When Mr. Paton went to the New Hebrides, at the age of thirty-four, ministers and friends told him that he was throwing away his useful life; but in 1892 he visited America, honoured as no other man in Christendom. Capacity crowds filled halls, theatres, and churches to hear him; he was entertained by royalty, and rulers of nations. He was a guest of Mr. Cleveland at the White House, and when he went to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Toronto, he was given the chief seat of honour. His long white hair and beard reminded them of Moses or Elijah.

In 1900 he again visited America as a delegate to the

Ecumenical (World) Missionary Conference in New York; he was then seventy-six years old. In 1905, his faithful wife died, and two years later he followed her, January 28, 1907. He left two sons preaching and teaching in the South Sea Islands, which cheered his heart. His last message were these words: "Oh, that I had my life to begin again! I would consecrate it anew to Jesus, in seeking the remaining heathen in the New Hebrides."

## XXIV

### DWIGHT L. MOODY

**T**HAT the Gospel of Jesus Christ is circumscribed by ecclesiastical conventionalities—as to ordination to certain orders and ranks—is refuted absolutely in the life and ministry of Dwight L. Moody. That there is a universality, a democracy of the divine in the unction which the Spirit bestows, is without question. The Church has made much of her *ipsi dixits*, saying who, and who shall not minister in holy things. Certain functional services are withheld, and cannot be administered until the imposition of human hands, authorized by the laws and polity of the Church. We do not question the wisdom and, we might say, the scriptural authority, for these customs, in a measure; but we do say, that God does not limit His ministry to the say-so of any human organization. “I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh.” And it specifies among others: “upon my handmaidens,” which, being interpreted, means that woman, by divine authority, may preach—prophesy. For many centuries this part of God’s Word was utterly ignored by the Church. The Church was wise above that which was written.

All this is said, in order to say one thing more, touching this idea in particular: Dwight L. Moody was never called by the Church to service; or, at least, he did not carry the stamp or credentials of any church. His name never appeared in print as the “Rev.” D. L. Moody. No doubt any church in America that believed in salvation messages would gladly have placed ecclesiastical hands upon his head, and ordained him; but he remained an unordained servant of God—a layman, never claimed to be anything else. And

yet, in all the nineteenth century, or any other century, will the records reveal any man who ranks above him or was in his class as a soul-saver; a man in whom the Spirit of God wrought mightily and prevailed. D. L. Moody, the uneducated, of world-wide renown.

The ancestors of D. L. Moody settled in Connecticut two hundred years before he was born. The earliest record is that John Moody came to Roxbury, Conn., a place near Hartford; then later, Isaiah Moody, the grandfather of Dwight L., located near Northfield, Mass. The father of this character sketch was a farmer in a small way, and between seasons was a stone mason. His mother's maiden name was Hilton; her ancestors also settled near Northfield. Dwight L. was the eldest son of three, and was born in the year 1837. At the age of four, the father died, leaving the family almost penniless. So biting was their poverty, that at one time the mother was urged to give up her children, and cease struggling to keep them together. But this sturdy Puritan woman held on, and put her trust in God for food and clothing of her little family.

It was the example of a pious mother that taught her children the secret of trust. As soon as the boys were old enough to "hire out," they went to work with such employment as they were able to do. Once when going to their places of labour, they were crossing a stream, being rowed over by a drunken boatman. The wind was blowing a gale; the drunken man became crazed with fear, but young Dwight L., though only a lad of eight, exhorted him to trust in God. The simple life of confidence in his mother's God was a part of the boy's character; and it came to full fruition in his mature years. losing none of its simplicity when he became the most renowned evangelist of his day.

At the age of seventeen, young Moody went to Boston, where he became a shoe clerk in his uncle's store. Shortly after arriving in the city, he came in contact with a man by the name of Edward Kimball, and one day, in the rear end

of his uncle's store, and through the Christian tact of this godly layman, Dwight L. Moody was genuinely converted to God. Just here, there is a little coincident which is worth passing on, touching the history of this man, and the conversion of the young man destined to be a world figure. Seventeen years afterwards, the son of Edward Kimball, also exactly seventeen years of age, came under the influence of Mr. Moody, then a zealous worker among young men in the city of Chicago, and was converted. Mr. Kimball "cast bread upon the waters," and it came back in the salvation of his own son. It was thought by many, that one reason why Mr. Moody preferred to remain a layman, was that it was a layman used of God in his own salvation.

At the age of nineteen, Mr. Moody went to Chicago, and very soon became interested in a Sunday School. His first great impulse as a soul-saver came when, by personal effort and prayerful contact, he caused every member of a large class of boys to become Christians. In a few months he had built up a Sunday School of one thousand members, mostly children, and the place became a bee-hive of religious activity. It was this training received before the Civil War that gave him such ability for spiritual leadership.

During the War he worked under the auspices of the Christian Commission of Chicago City Mission; then followed some years of service in the Young Men's Christian Association, an organization just coming into existence. But his labours and his wide experience had grown to such an extent, that a church was built for him and he became the unordained pastor. This church was the evangelistic centre for the great city of Chicago, but it was in the path of the fire in 1871, which almost laid the city in ashes. But another building was soon erected, much more commodious in every way, with a seating capacity of two thousand five hundred people. It was then that the evangelistic labours of D. L. Moody took on a national scope. Scarcely a night in the whole year, but that services were held, in which the down-and-outs, as well as the cultured and



wealthy, heard the Gospel of salvation. Multitudes found God at the famous "Moody Church." Over the door of the front entrance was placed a large electric sign—"God is Love," which became the very heart of Mr. Moody's messages for over thirty years.

Early in his ministry he came upon a statement like this: "It is yet to be seen what God can do with a fully consecrated man." Then he said, "By the grace of God, D. L. Moody shall be that man." It is doubtful if in our America there has appeared a man who more fully exemplified the consecrated life than he; he became the fruitful, God-sent man, and with fruit more abundant.

The work of Mr. Moody as a great preacher and soul-winner had attracted an international attention by this time; two years after he opened his ministry in the great Chicago church, he was invited to visit the British Isles, and at every city—London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and in Ireland—the largest halls and theatres could not accommodate his audiences. He preached to a capacity house wherever he went. With him on this tour was the celebrated singer, Ira D. Sankey. This man of simple faith, and without college education or equipment from a human standpoint, stood before the throngs and held them with ease, delivering messages of love and power, devoid of all pretense of human wisdom. D. L. Moody was a great personality surcharged with the Holy Spirit, teaching the wisdom of God from His inspired Book.

This tour was a triumph for the Gospel; high and low, rich and poor alike were brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, through his marvellous messages of love. On returning from this successful tour, Mr. Moody became a national figure, and little time after that could be devoted to his pastorate in Chicago; but the greatest Gospel preachers of this country and England were secured by him to minister to the community church, for that was what it was. Such men as G. Campbell Morgan, W. J. Chapman, John McNeil, B. Fay Mills (before he lost his bearings),

and others great and near great, were the preachers of the Moody Church. It became a world-renowned institution of evangelism. This church, standing for orthodox Christianity, founded by the personal ministry of this mighty man of God, holds the same standards to this day. We doubt that, if in the great central metropolis, there is a place where the emphasis on the genuine Gospel is more pronounced than in the Moody Church.

Not only has it been a great soul-saving station for more than fifty years, but the constructive genius of D. L. Moody did not stop with his church and evangelism; but there was built around the church the "Moody Bible School for Christian Workers," where hundreds of young men and women are being trained for efficient life service. This school continues with a student body running into hundreds annually, and they are being taught by the ablest Bible teachers in the land. The Moody Bible School is fundamental as to the divine revelation of the Scriptures; at that place no question marks are raised touching the Word of God.

In the year 1875 Mr. Moody and Sankey held revival meetings in the largest building in New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Buffalo, and other great cities. In the year 1882, he again toured England, Scotland, and France, holding a meeting in Paris. While on this campaign, he preached at Oxford and Cambridge, the elite scholastic centres of the British Empire, and in these places, Mr. Moody exalted his divine Lord as the Saviour of men. Crowned heads, and the nobility heard him gladly.

We wish to make one or two side comments on the life and influence of Dwight L. Moody. First of all, he never, in any way, commercialized his Gospel; no man ever paid an admission to hear this evangelist. There were no lecture engagements for him. He was a preacher of the Gospel, and a man of one Book—the Bible. It is said he was never without this Sword of the Spirit. On his morning drives about the grounds of his Northfield home, he was often seen

with his Bible on his lap, reading, while his gentle old family horse quietly walked about the driveways. Just here was the lasting influence and the abiding labours of the man. Money came; yes, by thousands—millions, but it was not collected at the box office. He touched men's hearts, who gave liberally to his work.

In addition to his evangelistic labours, his church in Chicago, he established a Bible Conference at Northfield, Mass., where he brought to this platform the world's greatest teachers and preachers. We have mentioned his Training School in Chicago; but he established a school for boys at Gill, a village near Northfield, and a seminary for young women at Northfield. All these institutions continue to abide, doing constructive work for the Kingdom of God. The school for boys is known as Mount Hermon School for Boys.

A second comment is this: we believe Mr. Moody over-emphasized the "Gospel of Love." It was not over-emphasized for *him*, nor his messages; but by those who followed him as their model—lacking his personality and his spiritual power—no little harm has been done. It is a method, we fear, which has brought thousands into the Church who were unconverted. This was an indirect influence—not objectionable as preached by Moody—which produced a popular style of evangelism. Its slogan was, "Confess Christ"—so easy, and so popular; but dangerous in the extreme. No man should be told to confess Christ, *until he has first confessed his sins.*

Dwight L. Moody, however, was a God-sent man, and had no peer in his day, and in his line of Gospel evangelism. He published something like a dozen books; among them *The Second Coming of Christ*. He was an ardent pre-millennialist, and gave this note a prominent place in his Gospel. He died December 22, 1899, scarcely past his sixty-second year—comparatively a young man; but the labours he wrought were the equivalent of most men a hundred years old.

## CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON

THERE are nations in general, and men in particular, that are born fighters. It is in the blood as naturally as others turn to literature or music; such people breathe the spirit of heroism. The Spurgeon family belonged to a noble stock—the kind that counted life as nothing compared to honour and convictions. They lived in the “Low country of the Netherlands”—a people famous for their industry, skill, and good citizenship. When Charles V. of Spain abdicated the throne to his son Philip II. he instructed the youthful ruler to never cease until he had exterminated Protestantism from his kingdom. Charles had issued several edicts, and had burned many at the stake, executed them by hanging, and the block, even strangling and burying them alive; but he was unable to stamp out the believers of the Reformation.

As soon as Philip established himself, his first undertaking was to carry out his father’s instructions. Lutheranism had a firm hold in the Netherlands, and they, being under the dominion of Spain, felt the full force of the king’s wrath. Philip proved to be a worthy son of his father, and at once organized a great army under the Duke of Alva, who was one of the most heartless and bloodthirsty monsters in Spain. He established the “Council of Blood,” and passed sentence of death on all the Netherlands, unless spared by special exemption. The crimes of this devil incarnate have no parallel in history. At the close of his career, he boasted of having executed *eighteen thousand heretics*.

When the Inquisition was at its crest of murderous propaganda, thousands of Hollanders fled to England. Among



them was a family named Spurgeon, known in their homeland for their piety and courage. Two branches of this family settled in England—one in Norfolk, and the other in Essex. The subject of this study belonged to the Essex branch. These people did not escape persecution entirely, even in England, as the Established Church was bitter against the nonconformists. Dissenters were not allowed to assemble; and for this offense Job Spurgeon was arrested for righteousness' sake, and finally sentenced to prison. Job Spurgeon was serving his fifteen years in the Chalmersford jail about the same time John Bunyan was in the Bedford jail, and for the same offense.

This gives us a glimpse of the ancestry of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who was a son belonging to such a family. He was one of seventeen children, and was born June 19, 1834, in the little village of Kelvedon, Essex County, England. The grandfather of C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. James Spurgeon, was a minister of the Independent Church, and was one of the most pronounced evangelistic preachers of his day. Then when we remember that the boyhood of Charles H. Spurgeon was spent under the spiritual tuition of such a man, we get some explanation of his ideals in later life. In this parsonage he was given lessons of a wise and intelligent family; the grandchild was not spoiled, and foretokens of his greatness were evident, even in his childhood. After the death of his grandmother, which brought a sorrow to the child's life from which he did not recover for many years, he returned to his own home, and was but *one* in a large group of children. However, he would assemble the smaller ones for his congregation, and preach to them.

There were many interesting events in the child life of Spurgeon; one which is worth passing on. His grandfather had many friends among the Independent and Church of England ministers, who were welcome visitors at Stamborne. Once little Charles was on the knee of Rev. Kniel, who was visiting at the time. Placing his hand on the



child's head, he remarked: "I have a strange premonition that this boy will preach the Gospel, and when he preaches in Rowland Hill's Chapel, as he surely will some day, I should like him to promise me that he will give out the hymn commencing—

*"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform."*

His prophecy came true, and when Spurgeon went to London and preached in the pulpit once occupied by Rowland Hill, he gave out the hymn suggested so many years before by the man of God.

The conversion of any great man is interesting. Mr. Spurgeon had been rigidly taught in righteousness, but the age of fifteen found him unconverted, and the burden of sin weighing down his soul. He attended preaching here and there, but could find no help. He tried to settle down with the assurance that he had never been immoral; and observed strictly the highest standards; but this gave him no comfort. He next tried good works, seeking always to find some mission of charity; but his soul still groped in darkness. One Sunday he started to church, and was overtaken by a heavy snowstorm, and he turned into a side street, where was located the obscure "Artillery Primitive Methodist Church." The minister failed to appear; at length an ungainly, awkward fellow entered the pulpit, who resembled "a shoemaker, tailor, or something of the sort." He took a text: "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be saved." About all there was in the rambling exhortation was—"Look, Look to Jesus." Then, as if directing his words to young Spurgeon, he said: "Young man, you are in trouble, and you will never get out until you look to Jesus." Pointing upward, he shouted: "Look! Look! Look!" Then and there the floodgates of light broke in upon Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and it was like the heart-warming of John Wesley, it marked the beginning of the

career of the greatest Gospel preacher of the nineteenth century.

Young Spurgeon attended school but a short time at Newmarket. In 1850 he went to Cambridge, where he joined a flourishing Baptist Church, although his father was a Congregational minister. He at once became active in teaching a class, and gained a reputation for story-telling. He was invited to address the whole school, and, step by step, was led into the ministry. His first preaching was in and around Cambridge; but he finally was called to a pastorate at Waterback, and his youth, his originality, and sincerity drew large congregations to the unpretentious chapel. He was heard by an officer of the New Park Street Church, London, that was then without a pastor. His appearance in London, dressed in country garb, created no little critical comment; however, when he delivered two sermons, there was a strong demand for his call to be pastor. By and by, he was called to this church, and the youthful appearance, the personality, the force of his Gospel messages created a sensation. The church seated twelve hundred, and in less than one month, the house was packed.

What happened? Just what always happens; ministers and Friars poured out such a tirade of criticism and persecution, as would have discouraged a less braver soul. He did in London what had not been done before, and he must pay the penalty of ministerial jealousy. They berated his ignorance, his pulpit manners, his lack of ministerial culture. Through it all, he went on, preaching to his capacity house; they tried to slander his character, but the Lord delivered and blessed him.

The storm finally blew over, and Charles Haddon Spurgeon stood in this pulpit the best advertised, the most talked about, of any preacher in England. Thus began the career of this prince of preachers. The church was being enlarged, and the congregation met in Exeter Hall; then they were forced to go to Royal Surrey Garden Music Hall, seating ten thousand. So it went on until a new tabernacle was

built, and the first service was held there March, 1861. At the age of twenty-seven, he was preaching to thousands, and on through a long life of over thirty years, he was without a peer, the world's greatest preacher. His voluminous writings were sermons, notes, and helps for preachers. He founded no great institution; he was pre-eminently a preacher. His career and reputation never waned. Not only was Spurgeon a minister of God with a burning message for lost men; but he was a man with the keenest appreciation of the ludicrous things of life. His wit and repertoire was inexhaustible and spontaneous. For example, "A preacher," says he, "inviting men to come to the Master: 'come unto me, all ye that labour, etc.,' with fists clinched, and wrath oozing from his countenance." "Think of a sermon on perfect love, shaking the fist, and pounding the pulpit, and roaring like a lion." Once when Mr. Spurgeon was being nursed back to health on the shores of the ocean, and riding in a wheel chair, his attendant said to him: "Reverend, what are the waves saying?" "Let us spray," he replied. No better judge of human nature ever occupied a place of prominence; he knew men—knew their weaknesses and values. The nineteenth century produced no greater spirit than Charles Haddon Spurgeon. He died January 31, 1892; truly a great prophet of God.

## XXVI

### J. HUDSON TAYLOR

THE subject of this sketch is not so well known as many of the heralds of faith studied in our previous chapters; only those who have kept in close touch with religious movements in general, and the missionary fields in particular, have any but a vague knowledge of Hudson Taylor. For actual results in a benighted land, without the back of a missionary board, or any other human resources, the work of this man ranks above any since Apostolic days. Church missionary activities have touched along the sea coast of the vast empire of China, doing very little except in those places; but this man pushed far back to the interior, hundreds, and even thousands of miles from the frontiers of Western civilization. Livingstone spent the major part of his life in darkest Africa, and left but little behind, except the map of an undiscovered country; but this man planted the life-saving stations of the Cross, well-equipped and organized, in a vast region unknown to the rest of Christendom.

Just what George Muller was in the home-land, doing the extraordinary and the seemingly impossible, but always in touch with sympathetic life and human fellowship, Hudson Taylor was in China, labouring far away from all Christian associations, except that which he gathered about him. Like Muller, he began by believing God, and trusting Him for all needs. The name of this man, though for many years gone to his heavenly reward, is yet like sweet incense to those who seek to know and trust God. Since the days of Paul, no man deserves a more honoured place in God's "Who's Who," as listed in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews;

for truly, he subdued kingdoms, and wrought righteousness by faith. Hudson Taylor represented God in the "regions beyond," and had no home base wherewith to get supplies; he communicated with the Mission Board of the skies, where funds never run low, and where those who live by faith are never disappointed.

Our encyclopædias, some of them standard, have long lists of Taylors, from every walk of life: the discoverer of some insect, or gas combination, or medical formula, but Hudson Taylor, one of God's superior noblemen, has been overlooked—gets no mention. In the long list of "Taylor" celebrities, the subject of this sketch should be placed at the top, even though one of them being a president of the United States. The world has always been blind to her real benefactors. Imperial Rome never knew that a Man was in her midst, whose life would be shaping destinies millenniums after the Forum and the Coliseum had crumbled; that a prisoner in and about Nero's prisons was a personality more eternal than the Eternal City.

Hudson Taylor was born May 21, 1832, at Barnsley, Yorkshire, England, the son of a pious drug-clerk, who was a Methodist local preacher. This child had a royal heritage, in that his grandfather and great-grandfather had been faithful ministers connected with John Wesley, giving to the character of this lad the spiritual impact of three generations of the evangelical righteousness; therefore, he was the resultant of the divine law of cause and effect. As a child, he was delicate, and gave little promise of a mature manhood; but before he was born, the pious young parents dedicated him to God for service—he was a child of promise.

Hudson's school career did not begin until he was eleven; then he passed in the classes, and in outdoor sports as a mediocre; attracted no attention whatever. Before he was thirteen, he was forced to give up school and help his father in the drug store. At the age of fifteen he secured a position in a bank of Barnsley; but often having to work late at night, under a flickering gas light, caused his eyes to



become inflamed, and he was forced to give up this position. The associations of the school and bank caused him to drift from the pious moorings of his childhood; but at the age of seventeen, while enjoying a vacation at home, he came upon a leaflet, *The Finished Work of Christ*, and this message brought his soul out of darkness into light. His conversion was so genuine, and the new life so real, that he very soon began to hear "the sound of a going," as it were, calling him to life service. The call at first was indistinct, as to what and where, but he heard the call.

Speaking of his conversion and call to service, he says: "When I made an unreserved consecration, I put my all on the altar, and a deep solemnity filled my soul with the assurance that my offering was accepted; God became real and blessed. The consciousness that I was not my own took full possession of me. I felt in the presence of God. I was entering into a covenant with the Almighty. Something said: 'Your prayer is answered, and the conditions are accepted.' From that time the conviction never left me that I was called to China." Here was an unknown drug-clerk with a clear call, with preparation, and without means. It was an epoch, but the way out was obscured. A youth of eighteen, and a mighty empire vision; and an empire closed for millenniums against strangers, and a Scotch lad hearing, as if audibly: "Go for me to China."

He went, for advice, to his pastor, but got little or no encouragement. He sought, however, to strengthen both his mind and his body, believing that he must have both at their best some time. He got some Chinese characters and began to study them. A co-worker of Robert Morrison had said the task of learning the Chinese language required "bodies of iron, lungs of brass, heads of oak, hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of Apostles, memories of angels, and lives like Methuselah." But this did not discourage him; after a few weeks he had learned several hundred of the characters, but could not pronounce them.

Young Taylor had carefully studied the medicines he had prepared, and understood most of the simple remedies. He secured a place at Hull, England, where he was assistant to a busy doctor. All the time, at leisure moments, he studied his Bible and missionary literature; and, by chance, came in contact with the "penniless George Muller," who wrought marvels by faith alone. Then and there, Hudson Taylor decided that if George Muller could do this at home, he could do it by the same faith in China. Ministers, returned missionaries, and friends alike, saw nothing in Taylor's aspirations but wild, unreasonable dreams. Yet the Voice kept saying: "Go for me to China."

He began to study economy, and endure hardships by going to cheaper quarters, and actually boarding himself, while at Hull. His evenings were spent in study, and his Sundays visiting the sick, and preaching. His absent-minded doctor often forgot to pay him his salary, and his first lessons of faith began here; he determined to tell no one his needs but God, even when he owed his landlady for room rent. He determined to never deviate from this rule.

Hudson Taylor waited for an open door to China. The Chinese Evangelical Society offered to defray his expenses, both to prepare, as did also his father; but to accept would be depending upon the "arm of flesh," which he had vowed he would never do. He left Hull and went to London, and finally entered a hospital, where he made a living and continued his medical studies. While in London he suffered a physical breakdown, and was told by the doctors he could live for a short time. This was a further test of his faith, and when he laid the matter before the Lord, was marvelously healed. This experience further assured him that God intended him to go to China.

Another bold step was refusing to accept aid from the society, under whose auspices he had agreed to serve. Their activities were confined to the Treaty Ports, and Taylor yearned for untouched regions. On September 19,

1853, the sailing vessel *Dunfries* left Liverpool for Shanghai, China; his mother was present and bade him a loving farewell. Scarcely had they lifted anchor before the equinoctial storm broke upon them, and for twelve days they were driven from coast to coast in the Irish Sea. The captain shouted that only God could save them; but this Scripture came to the brave young hero: "Call upon me in the day of trouble." In a short time they put out into the open sea, and sailed on and on, until March 1, 1854, they dropped anchor at Woosung, China, after a voyage of nearly six months.

The struggle then began, and of such a character as he had never dreamed. Sickness, revolutions, race prejudice, bandits, thieves, and evil suspicions. For years this battle against odds continued; it seemed as if he would never be able to gain a footing. Four years of hardships and failures; then a great blessing came into his life, in the person of Miss Maria Dyer, the neice of an English gentleman. This happened to be "love at first sight," and on January 20, 1858, they were married, and Taylor believed, as in all his other steps, this one also was of the Lord. Each felt that God had given the union His richest blessing; and while circumstances and environments were adverse, His Providence was guiding their destiny. Fifty years afterwards he wrote of it: "We sat side by side on the sofa, her hand clasped in mine; the fervour of love never cooled for a moment, it has not cooled yet." In July, 1870, this faithful companion fell on sleep, and was buried at Chin-kiang, beside their children who had gone on before her.

We wish now to give a brief summary of what Hudson Taylor accomplished, beginning alone in the great interior of the great "Sleeping Empire." Though confronted by wars, riots, and deaths among the missionaries, shortage of funds, and every other obstruction, the mission had grown to such proportions that it was evident that God was keeping his hand upon the work. In 1880, there were seventy stations, superintended by as many missionaries—the results

of twenty-six years. The work grew until the demand was imperative for more labourers and equipment.

At the close of this year Mr. Taylor and his co-workers began asking God for seventy more missionaries within three years, and before the close of the year 1883 their faith was rewarded, and more than seventy new workers were on the field. Then it grew each month; so much so, that an experienced man was placed over every district. In 1887, their faith grew until they asked for one hundred missionaries, and funds for their support; before Christmas of that year, the one hundred new missionaries arrived.

Mr. Taylor was then induced to visit America by Mr. Moody, and at Northfield he addressed a great throng, and as a result of those addresses, China Inland Mission Societies were organized in many places throughout America and Canada, Scotland, and Sweden. One lone man landed in China in 1854, without means, frail in body, with neither college, seminary, nor medical degrees, and in the year 1922, through sixty-eight years of toil and waiting on God, the China Inland Mission was able to report to the world the following data: one thousand and eighty-three missionaries; one thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight paid Chinese helpers. Then there were nearly two thousand voluntary Chinese workers; there were two hundred and fifty-one stations, and over sixteen hundred and thirty-three chapels, eleven hospitals, and one hundred dispensaries. Four hundred and eighty-four schools for the natives, and besides all these facilities there was a school for the accommodation of three hundred children of missionaries. What about the actual accessions to the Church in all this: nearly one hundred thousand baptisms.

Since Apostolic days, there has been no such record of the labours of one man in all history; we are appalled in the presence of such achievements. In the year 1904, Mr. Taylor was saddened by the death of his second wife, who also had proven a helpmeet of the Lord. In 1905, he became anxious again to see China, as he was then in Amer-

ica; therefore, his son, Dr. Howard Taylor, and his wife accompanied the old hero back to the land of his consecration. A wonderful ovation greeted him at every station along the way, out into the centre of the Empire. He was given a reception at Chang-Sha, Hunan Province, which is the very centre of the great interior of China. This was late in the evening, June 3, 1905, and after speaking and shaking hands with the friends, he retired to his room. When his son's wife found him, shortly afterwards, he was nearing the end, and before sunset his soul ascended to the Christ whom he had loved and served from the day of his conversion to the close of his marvellous career.









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